

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 5

JULY, 1941

No. 9

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# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

God hath predestined us unto the adoption of sons through Jesus Christ, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins according to the riches of His grace, which hath superabounded in us.

From Matins of the Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL  
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class  
matter, November 11th,  
1936, at the post office  
at St. Paul, Minnesota,  
under Act of March 3rd,  
1879.

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Catholic Digest, Inc.



The Braille edition of The  
Catholic Digest is distributed  
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Indexed in the  
Catholic Periodical  
Index.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



*Published Monthly.* Subscription price, \$3.00 the Year—2 Years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

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# Catholic Digest

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## Low Mass and Corporate Worship

Piety, also, has standards

By BENEDICT STEUART, O.S.B.

Condensed from *Music and Liturgy*\*

In the early Church, Mass was always chanted aloud by the celebrant, his assistants and the congregation, and not merely "said" in a low voice by a priest. It was always an act of corporate worship in which all present took an active part according to their status and received Holy Communion.

In time both chant and ceremonial developed from great simplicity to considerable elaboration, and we must avoid the mistake of reading back into the past the elaboration of later times. The "breaking of bread from house to house" of which we read in the *Acts*, or the "Mysteries" celebrated in the catacombs during the times of persecution, were outwardly very different from "solemn Mass," celebrated at Rome after the triumph of the Church. Very different too were those early rites from a high Mass of today.

On the other hand, however simple

the Eucharistic ceremonial of apostolic times may have been, its simplicity, too, can be overestimated. Vestments, candles and incense were not emphasized, due to the fact that Christianity was a proscribed and persecuted religion. Outward pomp was avoided for fear of attracting the hostile attention of Jews and pagans, not because of any puritan preference for simplicity in itself.

The difference between liturgical and non-liturgical worship lies not in the presence or absence of singing, incense or elaborate ceremonial, but in the fact that the former is corporate, the latter individualistic. The corporate worship of the early Church did not exclude personal, individual worship. On the contrary, it presupposed it as essential, for otherwise it would have been mere formalism. The individualistic type of worship of the present day

\*Oscott College, Birmingham, 23, England. April, 1941.

(which began in the later Middle Ages) does, however, seem to exclude any real "corporateness," at least in practice, if not in theory.

Assistance at low Mass, for instance, means in most cases that the congregation is present at an action carried out entirely by the priest at the altar with the help of a server. While this presence at Mass is undoubtedly an act of real religious worship in the case of each of the really devout faithful, the result might be described as a collection of separate individual acts rather than as one united act in which all take part consciously; and this applies to assistance at high Mass also, as a rule.

Low Mass ultimately became the normal way of celebrating the holy Sacrifice. Exactly when low Mass was first introduced is not very clear. But it was probably somewhere about the 9th century. The difficulty of celebrating even public Masses solemnly in country parishes or in small churches led to a way of celebrating the holy Sacrifice by a priest alone, without ministers (except one or more acolytes) or choir. This greater facility in offering Mass led, in turn, to the practice of frequent and even daily Mass said by individual priests for devotion's sake. The Church allows low Mass for very good reasons: to make the celebration of the holy Sacrifice possible in places and circumstances where the full solemnity is impossible. Again, low Mass enables individual priests to cele-

brate Mass frequently, and even every day, which again would be impossible if the full ceremonial were necessary each time. However, the spread of the practice of "private Masses," that is, Masses said for devotion's sake alone, has been the cause or at least the occasion of the holy Sacrifice being regarded as almost entirely the act of the priest at which those who may be present assist almost as passive on-lookers.

This criticism does not imply that the efficacy of the Mass as the supreme act of divine worship is thereby impaired. The Mass is always and everywhere the personal act of our Lord Himself, though carried out by the ministry of His priests, and the act of His Church as such, in whatever circumstances it may be offered. It is therefore always of avail for all the ends for which it is offered. It is also true that all that is necessary for assistance at Mass is a general knowledge of its meaning and the intention to fulfill the commands and wishes of the Church. Hence it is not necessary to follow all the prayers and ceremonies of the Mass. Finally it is a fact that the Mass is a sacrifice and not a mere Communion service, which loses its *raison d'être* where no one but the celebrant receives Communion.

The Mass is more likely to attain its purpose as the people's perfect act of liturgical worship if that purpose is clear to all who assist at it, and if they



take a real part in its celebration. Further, it is a truth of our faith that the Mass is the center not only of individual Catholic life and devotion but also, and much more, the center of the life and devotion of the whole mystical Body of Christ, and the outward expression of its unity. And while it is also true that the Mass is no mere Communion service, surely the Communion of the people forms the most complete and perfect way of taking part in the Sacrifice which they offer with the priest. Communion, too, as a corporate act, is a powerful reminder that we are "all one in Christ," all members of His Body and "members of member," that is, of one another in Him. Of course, corporate worship necessarily depends on the personal dispositions of those who make up the *corpus* of worshippers.

The Mass is the very center of the liturgy. It *is* the liturgy in the fullest and most adequate sense, as the Eastern Churches recognize by the title they give it: the Divine Liturgy. It is the one service at which the Church obliges her children to assist, under pain of sin, to ensure the fitting worship of God at least once a week by all.

If only the faithful can be made to realize that the Mass is their own act as well as the priest's, that the words of the *Orate Fratres*, "Brethren, pray that my sacrifice and yours may become acceptable to God the Father almighty," are the expression of a practi-

cal truth and one that needs, besides interior acceptance, exterior expression, then the rest will soon follow.

Persons attracted to the ways of contemplation may be dismayed at this insistence on external activity. To their minds, such activity is the opposite of the contemplative spirit and is, for them, quite impossible. It would, they think, interfere with all true devotion and make assistance at Mass pure formalism or pure fussiness. Formalism and fussiness are always possible. But that is the fault of the individuals, not of the liturgical method. The liturgical spirit, when properly understood, is the safeguard of the contemplative spirit. As a sacrifice, the Mass is an act directed primarily to God and not to man. Its first object is not to help individual or collective piety, but to enable all God's children to fulfill the first duty of religion: the solemn recognition of God by all His creatures together, as the beginning and end of all life and of the whole universe; to render Him thanks for all His benefits to mankind; to implore His pardon for sin and to beseech His help in need. All this is effected by the action of His divine Son, the Priest and Victim of His own Sacrifice, through the ministry of His Church, that is, of His priests and faithful people.

Since the latter days of the Middle Ages and especially since the Protestant Reformation, with its insidious doc-

trine of subjective religion and its contempt for external worship, Catholic piety has tended to turn in upon itself, influenced, in spite of itself, by the Protestant spirit. It is against this tendency to individualism in worship and piety that the liturgical movement must restore integral Catholic practice.

Though the desire to say Mass daily is an entirely laudable reason, in itself, for having low Mass, there is no doubt that it has contributed, from the practical point of view, to the use of the Mass as a private devotion. This is evident, for example, in the case of some religious communities of men where there are a number of priests but where there is no parochial work or the needs of the laity have not to be supplied. It has recently been suggested that in such cases, instead of each priest saying Mass privately, all might unite in concelebrating at the one community Mass. Where there are parishes or outside duties this concelebration would still be possible for the bulk of the community and, of course, the faithful could assist at the community Mass as well. Such an idea appears revolutionary and extraordinary only because of the usual attitude towards the holy Sacrifice mentioned above. As the author of an article on concelebration says: "The obstacles to the revival of the concelebrated Mass in the Latin Church seem to be no greater than were the obstacles to frequent holy Communion

that existed at the end of the last century."

In communities of nuns where the liturgy is solemnly carried out and there is a daily sung conventual Mass, it is usually the custom for the nuns to communicate at an earlier low Mass or, where that is not possible, to receive Communion apart from Mass in the early morning. But it might be possible to have the sung Mass earlier so that all able to do so could communicate at it and thus participate in the fullest way in the common Sacrifice. In communities without choral Office, the community Mass, if a low Mass, could be a "dialogue Mass" which at least makes assistance a corporate act. Where there are schools, the children could also assist and take their part, or else have their own dialogue Mass. The same would apply to those parishes where high or sung Mass with deacon and subdeacon is not possible.

Objections have been and are still urged against the dialogue Mass. But its great advantages are being more and more recognized; though only, be it remembered, as a substitute for solemn Mass or sung Mass. If sometimes it be too difficult to introduce a full dialogue Mass at once, at least the people might be taught to make all the responses with the servers.

The one great difficulty of the dialogue Mass is Latin. It is no easy task to teach a whole congregation,

made up of people of all sorts and types of education, to understand and pronounce Latin. Hence it is that some have considered the possibility of using the vernacular at Mass, at least for the Mass of the Catechumens. It has been pointed out that there is in Catholic teaching no principle regarding the use of a dead language. It has great advantages, but also, disadvantages.

While it is not absolutely necessary to understand the words in which the act of Sacrifice is enshrined, it is surely better to do so. To look at the matter from the point of view of the con-

gregation: are not its members more likely to be interested in the Mass and so to make it a living act of worship, if they not only know in a general way what is being done at the altar, but know and understand the words and ceremonies and general structure of the Mass and so find themselves able to join intelligently in what is being performed? Apart from the really devout, how many there are whose assistance at Mass consists largely in just "sticking it out"! No doubt, such people say some prayers and have the intention of fulfilling the Church's law and their religious duty, but that is all.

### North and South

The South American "way" is coming to North America with a vengeance. First, a galaxy of U. S. plenipotentiaries flanked by numerous college professors, Hollywood thespians, and the like, can be spied blowing down to Rio. Blowing back are assorted congas, coffee planters, sweet *señoritas* and the rhumba.

Yes, *amigos*, all through our land everybody and his brothers are shouting, "Hurrah for Latin America!" (and under their breath, "I wonder if Hitler can get across").

Then our good neighbors to the south, not to be outdone, shout even louder, "*Viva la yanquis!*" (and under their breath, "I wonder what the damnyankees want this time").

Of course, you may find a few gauche individuals here and there who archly remind you that the motive behind this sudden Pan-American courtship is too, too obvious. But don't let these connoisseurs in melancholy impress you. For regardless of motives, our growing Latin American consciousness is a fine thing.

In the past, we Americans have been pretty snobbish towards anything South American, and it took a war scare to make us aware of it. Irrespective of who wins the war we should continue to look across to them, not down at them. For surely there must be a peacetime place in our sun for these countries, either commercially, industrially or culturally.

"Jay Tee" in the [Stillwater, Minn.] *Prison Mirror* (15 May '41).

# Experiment in Democracy

By IRVING BURTON

Entanglement of red tape

Condensed from *Free America*\*

Nearly thirty years ago, William James first offered the country his "moral equivalent of war," urging the youth of the nation to incorporate the virtues of military life into peacetime labor. It was his idea that young men of varied backgrounds should cooperate on projects of value to the nation, the region, and the community with the same spirit of service and sacrifice that they exhibited in martial ventures.

Two years later, a young man living in Germany, Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, made a similar proposal. The World War interrupted his plans. In 1933, after success had finally crowned his efforts, he was forced to look on helplessly as Hitler grabbed the Weimar Republic's youth camps and converted them to his own use. This year, Huessy, now a professor of social philosophy at Dartmouth, saw his dreams rudely shattered a third time. Scarcely two months after the U. S. department of agriculture gave its blessing to Camp William James, the experimental youth-service camp with which he hoped to attain the James ideal, he watched CCC Director James J. McEntee reach out a heavy hand and crush his hopes.

Camp William James was opened in

the Vermont hills on Jan. 1, 1941, as a new experiment in cooperative democracy. Aimed at overcoming the obvious deficiencies of the Civilian Conservation Corps, it was undoubtedly the most advanced outpost in the U. S. youth-camp movement. Given proper opportunity to expand, it looked as if it would go far toward solving the threatening problem of 4,000,000 unemployed, demoralized youth.

The latest report of the American Youth Commission shows that although we have not yet reached our peak number of youth, every year 1,750,000 finish or leave school and start job hunting. America's many organizations devoted to helping them over the rough spots cannot handle them. Eight years of restricted labor camps for youth have failed appreciably to ease the situation. Millions of American youth, not only unable to find work but inadequately trained to fill jobs, still constitute a distinct menace to the well-being of this country.

In 1933, President Roosevelt recognized the menace, and authorized his most ambitious attempt to combat it, the CCC. Its weaknesses, military discipline stifling initiative and a restricted enrollment tending to intensify class lines, overbalance its benefits.

\*112 E. 19th St., New York City. May, 1941.

The many attempts of both public and private agencies to establish other youth projects indicate that these weaknesses are now generally recognized.

Camp William James possessed all the advantages of the CCC without its accompanying faults. Founded on the belief that young men could govern themselves, it offered self-government independent of military discipline. Taking the place of a military commander was a work superintendent elected by camp members. Above all, it did not restrict membership to unfortunate youth of limited educational and social background. Anyone could join, whether he came from city or farm, whether he was a college graduate or hadn't finished high school, whether his parents were in the social register or on the WPA rolls.

The camp's work program differed fundamentally from that of the CCC. Instead of concentrating on national soil and conservation projects, sometimes in regions which did not actually need them, it aimed at practical community needs. Beyond a desire to offer a confused younger generation the opportunity for voluntary training, work and adjustment, the new program contemplated the revitalizing of declining American farm communities. In the particular case of Vermont, Camp William James was to supply a flexible corps of young farm hands for rural areas badly in need of young blood.

Plans for the camp were worked out in cooperation with farmers of the immediate region. The department of agriculture appointed a committee of farmers to outline needed community work projects. These were to include the rehabilitation and resettlement of abandoned farm lands, flood control, town improvements and, above all, the training of willing farm hands and future farmers.

When Camp James was sanctioned last December, the army and the CCC promised to keep hands off. Yet it is little wonder if CCC officials were suddenly seized with a bad case of departmental jealousy. The new youth camp was the first of a series that were to be erected in its image. Its all-around advantages were obvious. It did more than supply economic and emotional adjustment to youth. It carried the blessing and support of every farmer who knew anything about it.

The direct impetus for Camp James came as a result of a chance meeting early in the summer of 1939 between a hitch-hiking Dartmouth student and a Vermont farmer in need of a hired man. The student, Robert H. O'Brien of Massachusetts, took the job, found that farmers of the entire region suffered from a dearth of help, and recruited a group of Huessey's students.

They found the declining area sadly in need of young workers. They found and liked the deeply imbedded

New England traditions of home, church, and democratic politics. The farmers were simple and hard working. The students decided to remain on the farms for a year and work out the details of a camp program under the supervision of Professor Huessy. Augmented by a group of Harvard students, they made friends with nearby farmers, learned their problems at first hand, and found little trouble in selling them their idea.

After a year of campaigning, during which the original 15 gave up their scholastic careers and remained on the farms as hired hands, the department of agriculture sanctioned the project. Although listed under the CCC appropriations fund, the camp was given complete independence of CCC supervision.

For six weeks, the authorities permitted the students to work out their program unmolested. More than 30 boys from farm and city were added to the student nucleus. The \$30 monthly wages, equal to that of the CCC, made it possible for youth of all classes to enroll. They set in motion a system of self-government, elected a work superintendent, and attacked the projects outlined by the farmers' committee. Everything was rolling smoothly when disaster struck.

The machinations of Washington politics, buried beneath a jungle of red tape and official terminology, are often mysterious. The case of Camp Wil-

liam James is no exception. The first indication that it was about to become another political football came from Representative Albert J. Engel of Michigan, a member of the House appropriations subcommittee which considers all CCC appropriations. Representative Engel one day rose unexpectedly and heatedly demanded an investigation of Camp William James, terming it "a columnist's camp for the overprivileged: a training ground for straw bosses."

What Representative Engel curiously failed to explain was that the camp was situated on the very site in Sharon, Vermont, which had previously housed a CCC camp. He further neglected to say that the CCC camp has been a dismal failure. Vermont farmers still recall with distaste the group of army-controlled city youth, whose sole contribution was an unused eight-mile road constructed in a local forest.

The hullabaloo in Congress died out after a few days and appeared to have gone the way of many "teapot tempests." Then, on Feb. 21, Director McEntee announced that he had withdrawn his consent to Camp William James as an independent project and appointed Benjamin L. Hinckley to nurse it back to the regular CCC track. Inside of a few days, the college students who had founded the camp were invited to leave. They did not meet the CCC specifications for unemployed



youth and hence had no business in a CCC Camp.

As matters stand now, Camp William James has split and the old class barriers are again in force. The original group of students has reestablished itself at a near-by location, but it is no longer under government

sponsorship. The boys still have the support of the farmers, but aided only by private donations they cannot even hope for the systematic, country-wide expansion that was so important a part of their program. Another experiment in cooperative democracy has been suppressed, and youth has been the loser.



## Beauty Curb Service

Colonel's lady—Judy O'Grady

By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World*\*

I have not been in the lovely old French city of Amiens since the gentle German razed it; but until he did so, Amiens was one of the most placid and racially characteristic of French cities. I had come out early with my camera to photograph the vegetable and flower market. Every day the Picard farmers used to lumber into Amiens from the *hortillonages*, their amazing swamp gardens, about two in the morning. The market, nestling in the shadow of the vast cathedral close to the river, opened at six, when the first housewives appeared to do their buying. By ten everything was sold, the Place Parmentier again deserted, and swept clean save for the all-day flower mart against the cathedral's benign gray wall.

Camera shutter set, I was wandering

among the stalls when I heard, "*Si madame voulut la coiffure bien soignée . . . ?*" Hairdressing in the open street? Impossible! I must have misunderstood. Cautiously I turned, eyes fixed on my view finder. I had not misunderstood. There she was, a beauty specialist for peasant women, with all the *sang-froid* and glib patter of a circus barker.

"If madame would like a splendid hair-do . . . ?"

She was dumpy; lost in her thick clothes, and her upside-down-wash-tub hat. I reeled off my film and made another cautious shot. Like a posing cat, she knew what I was doing, but her whiskers never so much as twitched. She was the perfect artiste enjoying her effect upon an astounded public. And what an operatic back-

\*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. June, 1941.

ground: the gray and turgid Somme at her left; behind her the gray old minster; before her a sturdy bridge, and all about the market stalls, with the damp morning air full of the various smells of vegetables and flowers, meats and poultry.

Out of the market had come two thick-bodied housewives, laden with meat, vegetables, kindling wood, charcoal and miscellany, but willing to stop and listen as the siren sang to them. Both women had magnificent hair, heavy and richly lustrous. Mademoiselle Demonstrator gave them a swift, appraising glance, and fell to work. On her little three-legged stand that carried the bold white sign, *Ondulations*, she had a large, bald, staring doll's head on a spindle, a ragged wig considerably the worse for hard usage, about two dozen packets of invisible hairpins, a few extra curls, some flat metal curlers and a style sheet or two. With hands that might have been a good deal whiter, she clapped the ragged wig on the doll's bald pate, and launched a eulogy of her wares and method so fast and colloquial I could scarcely follow the difficult Picard dialect. With fascinated stares the women watched her flying fingers curl and pin the ratty old wig into soft waves and contours about the vacant face. I was as fascinated as they, for seeing a creative artist at work is invariably a revelation. Two more heavily laden women, a little boy in a sailor suit, a smallish

child, and two mongrel dogs joined us. Mademoiselle Demonstrator was keenly aware that the tall foreigner with the camera was quite as much interested as her prospective customers, and rose to the heights of Gallic oratory.

"*Voilà, mesdames!*" she exclaimed, turning the finished creation slowly on its spindle to let us all observe the triumph of art over distinctly dingy matter. "Of truth, is not it *bien chic*? Figure yourselves, ladies. Your hairs are superb, magnificent! But (thousand pardons!) you do not know how to make your good men realize your beauty. Behold, now. You observe how La Petite here looks with my exquisite *ondulations* and hairpins. Behold how soft her face, how graceful each line."

"*Oui,*" murmured the housewife with the carrots, "*c'est tres gentille.*"

"*Gentille!*" cried mademoiselle scornfully. "It is more, much more. It is perfect! But, *regardez-moi un moment . . .*"

With a snatch, she demolished her artistry, shot a glance at the carrot-wife's clumsy hair arrangement, and in a moment the doll's features seemed hard and uncompromisingly virtuous under hair carelessly bunched into thick, unattractive lumps, with coarse pins protruding at awkward angles. "*La voilà, mesdames! There you are!*"

All four women and a mere man gasped. It was amazing. Only one of the dogs lost interest. The doll's coif-

ture duplicated with fidelity the half-combed mop above the now tremendously conscious and embarrassed carrot-wife's burning visage.

"It is to make my heart suffer for you ladies that you are come here, not? Think well. You can be young girls again if you will. How sweet to have your Jacques or Pol or Henri come home tired at night, and of a sudden see to his astonishment a wife he did not know! Ahhhh! The sweet rapture! You are again the young girl to whom he whispered tenderly."

"Listen now, Miss," interrupted the fat wife. "You're not married, are you!"

"I'll take a packet of the hairpins,"

ventured the timid carrot-wife, fumbling in her immense pocket for the needed ten sous.

"Give me some curlers," boomed another in a formidable bass. "My Georges is always too full of red wine when he comes home to care what I look like, but maybe on Sunday. . ."

Mademoiselle Demonstrator clapped her grimy hands and smiled beatifically. I came away marveling at the thought of that massive middle-aged woman strutting her far from permanent wave among the men after Mass on Sunday morning. But, of truth, *mesdemoiselles et mesdames*, "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."



## News Reader

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at breakfast. Mr. Smith was doing what all husbands do at the breakfast table: reading the morning paper which was propped against the sugar bowl. As the Smith maid, Nora, brought in the eggs, Mr. Smith remarked, "I see where the pope is making another effort to bring about peace in Europe by sending messages to the dictators. I don't see why the pope doesn't stick to the church business and quit monkeying with the European war. Everyone knows that interference makes those guys worse. I get tired of reading this kind of stuff."

That evening his wife said to him, "Well, you've done it again. Nora got mad at what you said about the pope at breakfast, and she's quitting."

"What difference does that make to Nora?" asked Smith, genuinely surprised.

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't know that Nora is a Catholic?" retorted Mrs. Smith.

"Sure I did," answered Mr. Smith, "but I didn't know that the pope is."

*The Reflector* quoted in the *New Era* (March '41).

# Christianity and Culture

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Good-by religion, good-by freedom

Condensed from the *Dublin Review*\*

The word *culture* has been used in so many different senses and is capable of so many shades of meaning that it is necessary to define at the outset the sense in which I am going to use it. Since the 1870's it has been used almost interchangeably with *civilization*, except that the latter is as a rule restricted to the higher forms of culture, as there is an obvious objection to speaking of the "civilization" of an uncivilized people. I use *culture*, therefore, as the wider and more inclusive term, and *civilization* as a particular type of culture in its higher and more conscious manifestations.

Thus it is possible to get behind civilization and study human nature in a relatively primitive state. But it is never possible to get beyond culture. The 18th-century idea of a condition in which man existed before he got entangled in the meshes of the state and of organized religion, and to which he must think himself back in order to construct a rational order of society, is, of course, completely mythical. Primitive man is just as much part of a social pattern, and is just as much dependent on cultural traditions, as civilized man, or even more so.

In the same way it is impossible to separate culture from religion, and the

further we go back in history, or the lower we descend in the scale of social development, the more closely are they related to one another. The reason for this is inherent in the nature of religion itself. For religion is not, as the rationalists of the last two centuries believed, a secondary phenomenon which has arisen from the exploitation of human credulity. It lies at the very center of human consciousness, in man's sense of his dependence on higher powers and of his relation to the spiritual world. The simpler a culture is, the closer is its relation with religion; not, of course, because a low culture is more spiritual than higher ones, but because the narrow limits of its control over nature increases man's sense of dependence; thus it seems to man impossible for society to exist without the help of the mysterious powers that surround him.

The relation between the higher and lower forms of religion has never been more perfectly stated than in the words of the apostles to the simple Lycaonians, when they accepted Barnabas and Paul as gods: "Ye men, why do ye these things? We also are mortals, men like unto you, preaching to you to be converted from these vain things, to the living God, who made

\*129 Victoria St., London, S.W.1, England. April, 1941.

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the heaven, and the earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them; who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without testimony, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness" (Acts xiv, 14-16). The religion of primitive man is concerned with just these things: food and rain and the course of the seasons. In them he sees the hand of God and the workings of sacred and magical forces. Therefore the ways by which men live and the crises of their lives are inextricably interwoven with religious beliefs and practices to form the pattern of culture.

Even the crudest and most primitive forms of religion are never completely restricted to this pattern; they always possess an element of transcendence without which they would cease to be religion. For, since religion is the bond between man and God, between human society and the spiritual world, it always has a twofold aspect. To the outsider, whether he be a traveler or a rational critic, primitive religions seem like a dead weight of social convention and superstition which prevents the society from advancing; to the primitive himself, however, it is the way of the gods, the traditional consecrated order which brings human life into communion with the higher powers; and we see from the history of more developed religions that the

most simple and elementary religious practices are capable, not merely of becoming charged with religious emotion, but of becoming the vehicle of profound religious ideas.

On the other hand, when we come to the higher religions where there is a conscious effort to assert the absolute transcendence of God and of the spiritual order, we still do not find any complete divorce between religion and culture. Even Buddhism, which seems at first sight to turn its back on human life, has as great an influence on culture, and impresses its character on the social life of the Tibetans or the Singhalese no less than a religion which adopts a frankly positive, or, as we say, "pagan," attitude towards life.

In neither type of culture, therefore, do we find anything that really corresponds to the problem that confronts us today: that of a state of separation between religion and culture; in other words, of a secularized culture. No doubt, other cultures have passed through phases of relative secularization, e. g., China in the 3rd century B. C. and Rome in the last age of the republic. But these phases were confined to particular societies, and almost certainly to small classes or elites in these societies. Today, however, it is a world-wide phenomenon, and, at least in the more advanced societies, it affects the life of the common people.

There is no doubt that the rapid

external expansion of Western culture has had a secularizing effect. World empires usually tend to lose touch with their spiritual roots, and the same is true of the expansion of a civilization by way of administrative and intellectual influence, as we see in the case of the Hellenistic world in the 3rd and 2nd centuries B. C. Nevertheless, this is not the essential cause of the change. Western culture was becoming secularized before it began its great expansion. The fundamental causes of that process were spiritual, and closely related to the whole spiritual development of Western man. But the same causes which produced the secularization of culture were also responsible for its external expansion.

This is the greatness and misery of modern civilization: that it has conquered the world by losing its own soul, and that when its soul is lost it must lose the world as well. Western culture has never been a natural unity, like the great civilizations of the ancient East, like Egypt and China and India. It is a changing association of peoples and countries which owes its unity to the continuity of its tradition, a tradition which it did not even originate, but which it inherited and transformed and enlarged until it became the source of a new world and a new humanity. For 1,000 years the bearer of this tradition was the Christian Church, and during this formative period it was only by becoming mem-

bers of the Church that the nations became partakers in the community of Western culture.

The importance of this factor has seldom been sufficiently appreciated by the historians. They recognize the influence of the Church on medieval history, and the way in which the religious unity of Christendom conditioned the cultural development of the Western peoples. But none of them has fully realized the significance of the fact which is almost unique in world history: that Europe found its unity not simply by the profession of a common faith, but by entering a spiritual community which was already existing and which possessed an independent principle of organization, with its own organs of authority and its own institutions and laws. The medieval Church was not a state within a state, but a superpolitical society of which the state was a subordinate, local and limited organ.

The existence of this double dualism, of Church and state and of Christian ideal and barbaric reality, is one of the main reasons why Western Christendom did not develop into a closed religious civilization like those of the ancient East. Instead, the unity of Christendom was broken, and the cultural hegemony of the Church was destroyed by the religious revolution of the 16th century. But though this prepared the way for the secularization of culture, nothing could have been

further from the intention of the leaders of the movement. On the contrary, it seemed to them that they were working for the desecularization of the Church, and the restoration of Christianity to its primitive purity. They did not realize that the attempt to purify and separate religion from its cultural accretions might find its counterpart in the separation of culture from religion and the increasing secularization of life and thought. And this was in fact what happened.

Nevertheless, the new lay humanist culture which was beginning to develop in the West in the 15th and 16th centuries was far from being entirely secular. As Burdach has shown, the very conception of the Renaissance, or rebirth of culture, was closely connected with the Reformation, or the rebirth of Christianity. Both were influenced in their origins by the apocalyptic hopes of a spiritual renewal of Christendom, which was so widespread in the later Middle Ages and found different forms of expression in Northern and Southern Europe. Neither the humanists nor the reformers dreamt of the destruction of Christendom. They believed, like Erasmus, that "the world was coming to its senses, as if awakening out of a deep sleep," and they thought that religion and culture could slough off their old skins and renew their youth by returning to their origins.

For all this misunderstanding of the

situation, there remains this element of truth: that, in fact, the chief cause of the secularization of Western culture was the loss of Christian unity, the dissolution of the community in which the peoples of the West had found their spiritual citizenship. The mere fact of this loss of unity created a neutral territory which gradually expanded till it came to include almost the whole of social life. The wars of religion and the long controversy concerning religious toleration, which produced such a prolific literature during the 17th century, forced acceptance, at least as a practical necessity, of the principle of common political and economic action by men who differed in their theological views and in their ecclesiastical allegiance; and when once men had admitted the principle that a heretic could be a good citizen (and even that an infidel could be a good man of business) they inevitably tended to regard this common ground of practical action as the real world, and the exclusive sphere of religion as a private world of personal faith or opinion.

In this way there arose the new liberal humanitarian culture which represents an intermediate stage between the religious unity of Christendom and a totally secularized world. On the Continent it was at first the traditional culture of the people and, in Catholic countries at least, its permeation of society was accompanied by a violent

revolutionary crisis. Only in England and North America did it proceed in the other direction, from below upwards, for there it found its inspiration not only in the rational idealism of the humanist tradition, but even more in the religious idealism of Puritanism with its conception of the holy community and of Christian liberty.

But both these currents ultimately came together to form the liberal bourgeois culture of the 19th century, with its individualism and its Christian-humanitarian ethics, with its faith in reason and progress, in free trade and constitutional government. The place that religion held in this culture differed from country to country and from class to class. On the whole, I am inclined to think that there has been a tendency to underestimate its importance. In early Victorian England, for example, what struck the foreign observer was not simply the amount of religious observance, but the fact that Christianity influenced public policy. Thus, in Guizot's *Memoirs*, we read:

"Religious convictions are not mere rules for private conduct or simple intellectual indulgences; they enter into political life and influence the actions of public men, as conscience weighs upon single individuals. The dissenting sects are generally the first to stir themselves energetically for some object which in their eyes religion commands them to pursue. The movement

even extends through the entire Christian Church of the country, then into the different classes of civil society, and finally reaches the government itself, which either coincides from approbation or resigns itself to follow. Thus the traffic in slaves has been abolished; thus the spirit of peace has predominated in England until the last few years, gathering power at once from the wisdom imposed by the nation on the government, which, on its part, during the progress of this interval, has not repulsed the public feeling but has voluntarily adopted it as the rule of state policy."

The fact that liberal culture was founded on Christian moral values rendered it accessible to religious influences, even in a secular age. Nevertheless the spiritual elements in the liberal culture were not strong enough to control the immense forces which had been released by the progress of the applied sciences and the new economic techniques. The advent of the machine, which was in a sense the result of the liberal culture, proved fatal to the liberal values and ideals and, ultimately, to the social types which had been both the creators and bearers of the culture.

The machine involved the increase of power, the concentration of power and the mechanization first of economic life and then of social life in general. It is true that in Britain and the U. S. the revolutionary effects of

mechanization were reduced by the existence of unlimited colonial territories and foreign markets to absorb the new economic forces. It was only when mechanization was applied in the closed world of continental Europe that the revolutionary character became plain.

The great conflict that has divided Europe in the 20th century and has produced two world wars is the result of the application of similar techniques in an opposite spirit and for opposite ends: science and mechanization being used, in the one case, in a commercial spirit for the increase of wealth; in the other, in a military spirit for conquest. And as the conflict proceeds, the more complete does the mechanization of life become, until total organization seems to be the necessary condition of social survival.

Liberal culture sought to avoid the danger of complete secularization by insisting on the preservation of a margin of individual freedom which was immune from state control and to which, in theory at least, economic life was subordinated. And within the zone of individual freedom, religious freedom was the ultimate stronghold which defended the human personality. But the progress of mechanization, and the social organization which it entails, has steadily reduced this margin of freedom, until today in the totalitarian states, and only to a slightly less degree in the democratic ones, social control

extends to the whole of life and consciousness. And since this control is exercised in a utilitarian spirit for political, economic and military ends, the complete secularization of culture seems inevitable.

That religion still survives is due in part to the fact that the technique of social control is still not fully developed, so that there are holes and corners in society and in the human personality which have escaped the process of regimentation. Religion survives also because religion itself is often used by the state as an instrument for social control, in much the same way as Augustus revived the moribund rites of Roman paganism in order to add the prestige of antiquity to his new order. But a religion of this kind, which is being used either as a means to a political end or, at best, as an instrument of culture, has lost its transcendent character, and has thereby ceased to be a religion in the full sense.

Thus, as I suggested in the earlier part of this article, the progress of Western civilization by science and power seems to lead to a state of total secularization, in which both religion and freedom simultaneously disappear. The discipline that the machine imposes on man is so strict that human nature itself is in danger of being mechanized and absorbed into the material process. Where this is accepted as an inevitable historical necessity we

get a society that is planned in a strictly scientific spirit, but it will be a lifeless order, which has no end beyond its own conservation, and which must eventually cause the sterilization of culture. On the other hand, if a society rejects this scientific determinism, the framework of a totalitarian order, it is forced, as in Nazi Germany, to exploit the irrational elements in society and human nature so that the forces of aggression, which all the cultures of the past sought to control, break loose to dominate and destroy.

This is the dilemma of a secularized culture, and we cannot avoid it either by a humanitarian idealism which shuts its eyes to the irrational side of life, or by a religion of personal spirituality which attempts to escape into a private world which is rapidly being liquidated and drained away by the social planner and psychologist.

The only way to desecularize culture is to give a spiritual aim to the whole system of organization, so that the machine becomes the servant of the spirit, and not its enemy or its master. Obviously, this is a tremendous task, but it is one that we cannot avoid facing in the near future. If culture is not to be dynamized from below by the exploitation of the subrational animal forces in human nature, it must be activized from above by being once more brought into relation with the forces of divine power and wisdom and love. Faith in the possibility of

this divine action on the world is the foundation of Christian thought. We believe that to every fresh need there is an answer of divine grace, and that every historical crisis (which is a crisis of human destiny) is met by a new outpouring of the Spirit. The task of the Church and the task of the individual Christian is to prepare the way for such divine action, to open the windows of the human mind and remove the curtains of ignorance and selfishness which keep humanity asleep.

The Gospels teach us how religion can act as the ally of human stupidity and ill will, how it can blind men's eyes and stop their ears. But we cannot use the Gospels as an argument for the failure of religion. On the contrary, they prove that the power of the Spirit can break down any obstacle. And while the present situation in many respects seems more difficult than any in history, it is also more unstable, less fixed in custom and less emotionally attached. In fact, the mechanization of human life renders it more sensitive to spiritual influence in some respects than the old unorganized type of culture. At present this response is most evident where the forces in question are most evil, but clearly this cannot be the only possibility; and the great problem that we have to face is how to discover the means to open this new world of apparently soulless and soul-destroying mechanism to the spiritual world which stands so near.



# Wake Up and Be Buddha

Mood oriental

By FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions*\*

"You yourself are Buddha, Master Hu!" In cherubic tunefulness, Brother Meng Lo, the bonze, croons the magic oracle square into my blinking eyes while over my shoulder Tang's fat, sweaty face grins fluorescent as a street lamp on a wet night.

Here we are, at nightfall in a tight, little, incense-soaked gable of the monastery, just off the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors, where the enchanted miracle bone of Gotama exerts the witchery of forgotten centuries over the warm, oriental imagination: my friend, Tang, bluff Buddhist layman, constantly swabbing his sleek face with a towel; "Master Hu," cracking dried watermelon seeds between his teeth and washing them down with bubbling tea; and across the black lacquered table from us, the professed monk and teacher of the law, expounding in lullaby cadence the strange occult things of his pantheistic creed. Hot tea is a heady bracer to Brother Meng Lo's eloquence. One can hardly help falling under the spell of this soft-spoken mystic, all aglow to the fingertips with ancient lore. Not old in years, though. Still boyishly young and radiating the infectious exuberance of a born propagandist, Meng Lo, the monk, combines smart ascetic grace of features with a

flutelike tongue that blows out every metaphysical thought in persuasive melody. How often have I listened to his facile glibness as he conjured up before my mind's eye the unearthly glamor of Nirvana and, picking nimbly, unraveled the skein of my infinity! Lifting it out now in a lively, philosophical minuet, his voice rises and falls in all the rich, musical modulations of Mandarin tones, while his slim, gray-robed body sways to and fro in steady rhythm to the swing of his silken fan of peacock hue.

Near the end Meng Lo's face becomes suffused with a queer intensity of emotion and the score swells all of a sudden to a dramatic fortissimo. "Look at this lotus flower!" he sings at me, taking up the rose-colored blossom and holding it reverently above the table. "This is Buddha. That's what I am trying to teach you! Buddha is indeed in this flower, in this teacup, in you, in me, in *everything*! We are all bubbles on the infinite ocean of the one reality. We are all Buddha, the divine!"

We stare at each other in silence. Against the pale oil lamp hanging from a rafter, a bat flaps awkwardly, swings twice about the room and swerves back to the musty eaves. The

\*257 4th Ave., New York City. May, 1941.

monk scrutinizes my reaction to the mystery he has just revealed. But what in the world is there to say? It is the old, old story all over again. Shrugging my shoulders, I reach over for a rice cake and munch bland unconvinced. Our discussions usually wind up in this way. Pensive, but undismayed, Meng Lo closes his eyes, crackles long and meditatively on a single melon pit and fans away the sticky summer gnats with a listless circular motion. Pious Tang stands there transfixed, dreamily picking his nose.

Out through the latticed casement of the room I look down on the flagstone courtyard and into the hall beyond, vast and shadowy in the twilight. It is the Hall of the Saints. Buddha is enthroned there, squatting cross-legged in a huge gold-gilded lotus, and half buried under a baldachin of frowzy drapes: a massive, barebellied old creature in metal, chubby and benign as some giant kewpie doll, but blackened by unnumbered years of incense smoke. At measured intervals comes up the drowsy cadence of the bonzes droning out their vesper office, every choral antiphon gonged off with metronomic precision.

Languidly we sip the steaming *ch'a* and increase the mechanical tempo of our fanning. When that gnarled old sprite of a Wang-erh hobbles on a bench and turns up the wick of the greasy bronze lamp, Brother Meng Lo starts up as out of a dream, and his

velvety face, deep reddened by the sputtering light and good health, becomes all smiles and music again.

"The Pearl of Buddha, the great miracle bone of Gotama!" he whispers excitedly into my ear, waving the folds of his sleeve down the dark corridor. The ebullient Tang spills a half-empty cup as he springs abruptly to his feet, sponges his damp, shaven head and stutters out in catching eagerness, "Ah, yes, come and see the holy miracle bone!"

Both shuffle off to the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors; both stand back, with a classic curve of the body, to let me pass first into the mystic sanctuary. The door snaps fast.

I find myself squinting aghast at crisscrossing beams of mazda brilliance, a white blaze of incandescence flooding in on all sides from great mirrors that cover the four walls from ground to ceiling. Through the clouds of pungent incense curling up from a hundred joss sticks, I can discern robed figures kneeling ghostlike on the prayer cushions or bending over flat in lowly adoration.

"*O-mi-to Ful O-mi-to Ful*" (Amitabha Buddha), they whimper, soft and plaintive, over and over.

And there it stands, rising exquisitely above the tarnished candelabra of the altar: a miniature pagoda, hand-carved in gleaming ivory and all ablaze from within with glittering electric bulbs. Inside this *stupa*, or reliquary

case, and resting on a dainty patch of satin and gold, is the beautiful pearl which faithful Buddhists call the "miracle bone" of the prophet and claim that it is the crystallization of the historic Gotama Buddha's virtues, precipitated thus in jewel form upon issuing from the founder's body after his death, 25 centuries ago.

Scarcely a minute passes before I feel a face breathing warm up against mine. I turn about and look full into the bright, twinkling eyes of one of the monks. He is cackling out a momentous revelation, holding one hand cupped over his mouth as a screen against out-flying spittle. "Look, Master Hu! Look into the mirrors and see yourself there! Yes, yourself, one and yet infinite in number. Now do you understand? Buddha is like that. He is yourself, one and infinite!"

The pitch rises to an ecstatic crescendo.

"Wake up, Master Hu, and be Buddha!"

With a sharp twist of the head, I glance at the refulgent walls of glass. Sure enough! The great encompassing mirrors throw back bewildering rows of identical images, multiplied, whichever way I look, to dizzy astronomical numbers! I gawk from wall to wall, fascinated, while the uncountable likenesses of myself likewise grin and gabble and wag a knowing finger at me from immeasurable surrounding planets of light, until—no doubt about

it—the imagination grows haunted with the enthralling reminder that one is just a bubble on the sea of infinity!

Sweetish fumes and sobbing incantations and mirrored glory make this pageant of pagan religious fervor as dreamily seductive as an opiate. My head grows giddy, I make for the door; and as I step out into the dim hallway for a breath of air, the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors, with all its works and pomps, fades like a vaporous phantasy blurring into indistinctness and at last dissolves into the wafted fog of the joss sticks.

"Wang-erh, fetch the teal!"

Blubbering Tang claps his hands nervously, mops his dripping face with the towel, and then, thrusting an arm through mine, leads me down the narrow stairway and into the open courtyard. *Gong!* The bell in the Hall of the Saints tolls out the end of the litanies.

"Great experience, what?" Tang's eyes sparkle with piety and merriment. And then patting me affectionately on the shoulder and purring kittenlike into my ear, "Wake up, Master Hu, and be Buddha!"

The smell of incense smoke hangs spicy in my nostrils and myriad glassy phantoms dance like heat waves through my brain as I stalk out through the heavy wooden gates of the monastery and into the black of the old Chinese city, for home and the peace of Christ.

# Charles Warren Stoddard

By CYRIL CLEMENS

Semanticist without orthography

Condensed from the *Magnificat*\*

Perhaps the most bizarre American Catholic writer was Charles Warren Stoddard, whose colorful career reads like a romance. He was born at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1843, third of the six children of Samuel Burr and Harriet Abigail Stoddard. The ancestry of the Stoddards included such diverse members as Jonathan Edwards and Aaron Burr. During 1855, Samuel Stoddard moved with his family to San Francisco.

At 14, Charles accompanied his invalid elder brother back East, that the latter might obtain better medical treatment. The two sailed from San Francisco on the *Flying Cloud*, the fastest clipper ship afloat.

They stayed in upper New York state with their grandparents, both of whom were members of a fanatical sect. Of the depressing revival meetings he was forced to attend, Charles later recalled: "I was threatened with nervous prostration, and every hour I grew more feeble and excited. At night, as I lay in my bed in a small chamber under the gable roof, where the frosty stars seemed to blink at me with cold, sharp eyes, I often wondered why so miserable a sinner as I was permitted to continue living."

When the boy returned to San Fran-

cisco in 1859, he had become so high-strung that he found ordinary tasks impossible. During the short periods in which he was able to attend school, he seemed interested only in writing poetry. His parents wisely concluded that he had better enter business. But a week spent in a clothing establishment, then a month in a toyshop, brought on nervous exhaustion.

When Charles recovered he found a more congenial task in Chillon Beach's bookshop. The proprietor advertised his business in true medieval fashion by hanging a beach scene above his store.

On his way home from work one evening, Stoddard tremblingly dropped a little poem into the letter box of the *Golden Era* office, then raced away. Breakfasting with his parents and sisters the following Sunday, he excitedly turned the pages of the *Era*; and rejoiced when, at the bottom of the letter sparkled his own effusion—under the name of "Pip Pepperpod": the Pip from his favorite novel *Great Expectations*, and the second name inserted for euphony. Near the verse was a flattering note from the editor hoping there would be more contributions from the same facile pen. Thereafter, hardly a week passed without some

\*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. May, 1941.

poem by Pip gracing the journal, each time in a more prominent position.

A month or two after the appearance of the first verse, Thomas Starr King, celebrated orator, visited the bookshop and was waited upon by Stoddard. After making his purchases and chatting for a few minutes, King scrutinized the youth's countenance and, producing a clipping from his pocket, suddenly demanded, "Charles Stoddard, didn't you write that poem?"

Answered by a blush and a modest nod of the youthful head, King continued, "It's a good poem and I hope you will write many more!"

Before leaving the shop, King presented the youth with season tickets for his popular series of *Lectures on the Poets*. From these Charles obtained much stimulation and encouragement. In a short time his verse was being published in all the literary journals of San Francisco.

For a semester Stoddard attended Braxton Hall, a small college in Oakland, across the bay. Happy at first, he derived keen delight from reading Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Dryden, George Herbert, and moderns such as Newman, Tennyson, and Coventry Patmore. Soon, however, he began to experience difficulty in meeting the set assignments. Even the English classes proved distasteful to him as the material he knew and liked so well was necessarily rigidly systematized. To be obliged to hand in a theme on a defi-

nite subject at a specified time was sheer agony.

On his return to San Francisco, Stoddard found a friend in Bret Harte, who persuaded him to become a regular contributor to the *Californian*. As his poems appeared week after week, Stoddard hit upon the idea of clipping and sending them with an accompanying letter to well-known writers, asking for opinions and suggestions. Most of the interesting answers have been preserved. Besides beauty, Longfellow detected "a certain flavor of the soil"; Emerson wrote that he was much touched by the pathos of the verse; Whitman suggested more attention to the hard, pungent qualities of American life; Oliver Wendell Holmes warned Stoddard to "ponder well before relinquishing any useful and gainful occupation to write poetry." Not content with American opinion, he sought English criticism. George Eliot was delighted to find him "planting and watering a little poetical garden away off in San Francisco," and John Stuart Mill advised the young man that no poetry but the very best was worth the publishing!

Nearly every well-known name in the professional, political, religious and social circles of San Francisco subscribed to Stoddard's *Collected Poems*, edited by Bret Harte, and published in 1867. While the work was in press, Stoddard became so nervous and fidgety that Harte prevailed upon him to

retire to Yosemite until after publication. Thus it happened that the poet himself was the last to see his first brain child!

Stoddard immediately became the center of a storm in the conflicting reviews which continued to appear for months. Samples of them still exist in a stout folio volume of old newspaper clippings. Editor James P. Bowman contributed to the *Californian* an article which declared that the volume inaugurated "a western poetic movement." Then the *Dramatic Chronicle* violently attacked Bowman and accused the young poet of being a pompous blockhead with an "owlish air of ponderous and all-embracing wisdom," and "proved" his verse consummately bad.

Soft-skinned at the best of times, Stoddard grew despondent as he read the reviews. He felt that the critics—even the most encouraging of them—did not judge his work objectively, but were interested in him merely as a precocious youth. Others used him as a peg on which to hang sundry literary opinions. He became more and more convinced that he had rushed into print prematurely and that his poetry was highly imitative, without a spark of genuine talent, not to speak of genius.

Stoddard was received into the Catholic Church during his 25th year, in 1868. This was by far the most important and far-reaching event of his

life. The story of his conversion is beautifully told in *A Troubled Heart*. An incident related in this book shows the bigotry that he encountered at this time:

"An old friend of the family, who often filled a seat at our table, met me in the street shortly after my conversion. I saw his face flush furiously as we drew near to each other, and the moment he was about to pass me he stopped short, shook his fist in my face, and hissed, 'You'll shortly regret this, my fine young fellow!' Even one of my most intimate and best-loved friends, a man very much my elder, and to whom I was like a foster child, said to me one day, 'I must confess to you that you have fallen greatly in my esteem.'"

During the next few years Stoddard contributed over a dozen articles and poems to the *Overland Monthly* and several to the *Atlantic* and *Lippincott's*. Although his work was very favorably received by the reading public, more than one critic took him to task for his excessively flowery language. Henry George, the author of *Progress and Poverty*, drew him aside one day and told him that if he did not write more simply, he had better stop writing altogether!

George must have had in mind such a passage as Stoddard's description of a fish breakfast: "This frugal repast was to consist of three baked potatoes so mealy that they burst like cotton-



balls at the bottom of a yellow sea of creamed codfish breaking upon the shores of two poached eggs."

Stoddard paid his first visit to the Hawaiian Islands while recovering from a nervous breakdown. His sister Sara, who had married a Hawaiian planter named Parker Makee, invited him to Rose Ranch near Honolulu for rest and relaxation. There could be no better spot in which to recuperate. The balmy air and the genuine friendliness of the natives soon made a new man of Stoddard. Under the guidance of Catholic friends, he paid a memorable visit to the leper colony on Molokai and met Father Damien of whom he wrote, beautifully and vividly, in his *Lepers of Molokai*.

When his Hawaiian sketches and articles proved tremendously successful, Stoddard set sail for Tahiti in the hope of repeating his success. Soon after reaching that fascinating region, however, his money gave out. In Papeete, the island's capital, he worked a few days for board, and then wandered about the native grass-hut villages where he gladly partook of primitive hospitality. He watched "the flying fish baptize themselves by immersion in space, leaping into the air like momentary inches of chain lightning."

After an extended tour around the island, he returned to Papeete, where he slept in a hen coop and tried to satisfy his hunger with the rather in-

digestible food that kindhearted Polynesians gave him. Willing to admit defeat, he returned to San Francisco, where his experiences provided the material for *South Sea Idyls*, considered by many his masterpiece.

In August, 1872, Stoddard sailed for England to oversee the printing of the English edition of *South Sea Idyls*. He reached London to find his old friend Mark Twain being lionized by the populace and hobnobbing with such distinguished people as Robert Browning, Turgenev, Sir John Millais, Charles Kingsley and Lewis Carroll. One afternoon he called upon the humorist at the Langham Hotel and before he left an hour later, he had become Twain's secretary.

Secretary Stoddard's duties consisted of pasting clippings in a huge scrapbook, attending to a vast correspondence concerned with arrangements for lectures and requests for autographs, and keeping the humorist company when he returned to his hotel too excited to sleep after delivering a successful lecture. Shortly after the holidays, Clemens had to return to America. Stoddard thereupon joined forces with Prentice Mulford, the California journalist.

Stoddard then went on a literary pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, lingering for more than a month with the friendly family who had charge of Anne Hathaway's cottage. He even wheedled them into letting him sleep

for several nights in the historic Hathaway bed, which the average visitor was not even allowed to touch.

Next he set out for Rome to join his friend Joaquin Miller. He arrived there without clothes or money, having been robbed of everything on the way. Thanks to the kindness and generosity of cardinals to whom he had letters (they took his word, for the actual letters had been stolen with his other effects), he was promptly rehabilitated. Soon he was moving among the highest social circles of the Eternal City, forming lasting friendships with cardinals and bishops, and twice paying his personal homage to the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX.

For some ten years after his return to San Francisco, Stoddard tried to support himself by writing books and articles. At first he was able to do this by living very economically, and denying himself all amusements except a weekly meeting with congenial literary friends. Robert Louis Stevenson, who slept and worked in a small rented room in one of the city's cheapest lodgings, taking his meals at a nearby dime restaurant, was a member of this group for a while.

Stoddard retained a vivid memory of the author of *Treasure Island*. He wrote of him: "Keyed to concert pitch, Stevenson paced the floor discoursing volubly, flicking the eternal cigarette, flinging his arms about in eloquent Gallic gestures, soliloquizing with the

fine frenzy of an Italian *improvvisatore*, in fact overflowing, as it seemed, with mental, if not physical, energy."

Eventually coming to the reluctant conclusion that he could not earn his living solely by his pen, Stoddard resigned himself to the "terrible ordeal" of teaching English literature at Notre Dame University. He filled a post there from Feb., 1885, to June, 1886.

After an interval of three years he accepted a similar post at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., where he remained from 1889 to 1902. At that early day the University, then in the suburbs, was connected with the city by an inadequate car service. At the end of the line, passengers descended into a morass. Maurice Francis Egan heard Stoddard remark one morning as he was about to descend from the trolley platform, "I can't swim through it, and if I try to walk I shall certainly go down to my neck."

Without the faintest idea of a systematically arranged course, Stoddard put up a list of lectures to suit his own taste. Although our country has produced few greater stylists than Stoddard at his best, spelling was not one of his strong points. On the bulletin board he would spell Thomas Carlyle's name *Carlisle* and John Ruskin's with an *h*, because "that letter looks so much like a *k*." He must have called forth much patience from the dean and his fellow faculty members.

Egan, who also served on the English faculty, had to teach him how to conduct a seminar.

When Stoddard had saved enough from his salary, he retired to Monterey, Calif., "to live in peace and quiet." The next year, 1903, he refused to accept a position as librarian at the University of California, declaring that if he had to choose between getting up every morning and starving, he would much prefer to starve. He was happiest when, swathed in a silk dressing gown, he lounged in his den, a small and much prized Florentine lamp

burning fragrant oil beside his bed. He delighted to be surrounded by his relics: figurines from Athens, a rare ebony paper cutter from Siam, or some frail, artistic Japanese vases.

He died quietly in his 66th year, April 23, 1909, at Monterey, fortified by the sacraments. Although his works have been neglected, his principal books fully deserve to be called minor classics: *Poems*, *South Sea Idyls*, *Lepers of Molokai*, *In the Footsteps of the Padres*, *The Island of Tranquil Delights*, and that spiritual autobiography, *A Troubled Heart*.



A farmer cut an oak limb and dressed it down into a tongue for his corn planter. When the tongue was finished the farmer painted it with old crankcase oil. Then he put it on the planter and went into the field. The fine dust stirred up by the horses' hoofs and by the corn planter adhered to the oiled tongue and by noon the tongue was as black as the ace of spades.

There is only one other object in this world that can gather dust more plentifully than an oiled planter tongue; that is the face of a small boy who is out in that same field where his father is planting. The older children are in school; things are rather dull up at the farmhouse and so the small boy comes down to the field. But this time his father cannot give him a ride, because corn planting is a particular task. The small boy is left to himself.

First he runs alongside the clicking planter. It is "corn weather"; the boy perspires and his face collects all that dust which escapes the oiled tongue. He gets tired of running up and down the field, and then he sprawls on the soft, cultivated ground. He wrestles with the old, faithful dog. Next he lies with his ear to the corn-planter wire and listens to the *click, click* of the planter which may be rods away over knoll and swale. This kind of "telephoning" intrigues him, and thus he whiles away an hour or two, with his face in the dirt. After a time he trudges home, and if his mother never saw a masterpiece in burnt cork before, she sees one now as he appears in the doorway.

From the column *Countryside* by Albert and Susan Eisele (26 May '41).

# Methods vs. Principles of Government

By THOMAS A. CARNEY

One may still protest

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

The writer of this memorandum, Mr. President, is not a stranger to you. You have honored him often by your presence at his fireside. He is the rabbi, the minister, the priest, striving, according to the light that is given him, to save his own soul and the souls of others. He is the college professor, endeavoring to teach those who confidently come to him. He is the industrialist who oils the wheels of production and distribution, and often looks vainly for capable hands to carry his *Message to Garcia*. He is the man with the dinner pail, often neglected, and the farmer, poor amid plenty, without whose hands prosperity and progress cannot be achieved. He is the shopkeeper, the clerk, the WPA worker. He is the stenographer, the scrubwoman. He is the youth, the child, the suckling. He is the people of the U. S.

Long ago, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for common defense, promote general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, I gave my consent to a transfer of many protective powers from the states to the federal government, and to you as chief executive. That transfer is still in force. Therefore, in this hour of crisis,

I am overwhelmed with a sense of the responsibility I assumed in making that transfer of power. While professing my profound respect for your high office and my undying loyalty to your official commands, I am prompted to point out clearly to you certain basic truths which, in this time of high political tension and world upheaval, are in danger of losing their definiteness, to the grave detriment of the free people of the U. S.

The government of the U. S. is unique among the governments of the world. Not only does it follow a democratic method of administration, but it *is* a democracy, the only true democracy on earth. We are not "one of the democracies," Mr. President. In the eyes of the world we are *the* democracy.

It is the principles upon which our government is founded that distinguish us from the governments of other nations. These principles, sealed with the blood of the patriots of the Revolution, are as follows:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure

\*Huntington, Ind., May 25, 1941.

these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

There is a present danger, Mr. President, of confusing our method of government with our principles of government. Methods may change with the times; principles are unchangeable. The people of the U. S. may amend the Constitution; they may *not* amend the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

According to the principles of our government, the people of the U. S. in their relations with one another and with other nations, recognize God as their Creator and, therefore, as the Supreme Being from whom they have received all they are and all they can hope for. Faith in God is a fundamental principle of American democracy. It follows, Mr. President, that nothing should be countenanced by the government that would destroy or interfere with faith in God.

That "all men are created equal" is a principle. Nothing, not even a constitutional amendment, may interfere with that equality.

That "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," among which rights are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is a principle. No necessity or expediency may take away those rights.

That the government is a servant whose job it is to protect for each individual the rights that God gave him

is a principle. No emergency may justify changing it.

That the government receives from the people the power and authority necessary to protect the God-given rights of the people is a principle. With us, there is no such thing as an all-powerful state above and independent of the people.

Peace, which is the tranquillity of order, must be based upon justice and charity. Our usefulness, during the present conflict and after it, will be measured by our willingness to avoid commitments and entanglements that may interfere with justice and charity in world affairs.

It would be a catastrophe, Mr. President, to throw the moral, material and, perhaps, the physical, forces of the U. S. against the Nazi and fascist forms of totalitarianism only to find that, after we have weakened ourselves, we must face in mortal combat that form of totalitarianism, called communism, which is the father of Nazism and fascism. Russia, Mr. President, is not "a friendly nation." Although it may seem good strategy, in this time of crisis, to extend the hand of friendship to Russia and to seek her as an ally, to do so is not in keeping with justice nor charity, nor can anyone expect God's blessing on such an alliance!

"Not by bread alone does man live," Mr. President. God can strengthen and vitalize individuals and nations by other than material means. The world

today is the victim of a policy of excluding God and adhering solely to human prudence in world diplomacy. A nation, such as the U. S., rooted in God, through the principles upon which it is founded, cannot expect to have the fruits of peace and liberty if it kills the roots from which the sap of life flows.

Our government, Mr. President, has made a grave mistake in estranging itself from God. It must correct this mistake. In particular, God must be restored to the place of first honor at our conference tables and in our daily lives. Otherwise our spiritual lives will dry up and democracy itself will surely die!



## Russia As It Really Is

By J. B. MORTON

*Stalin's Paradise*

Condensed from a book\*

**Everyone** in Moscow was most kind to us. I asked one of the guides if there was any scarcity of food. He laughed at the mere idea, so that disposes once for all of the wicked propaganda of those at home who do not understand this great and noble experiment.

We visited a school, and were amazed to find the children as clean as pins and very alert. The guide suggested that we should ask some of them about England. At once a chorus of voices repeated the names of the leading politicians and writers of England. We were quite embarrassed to find our own names in the list. What intelligent children!

Mrs. Thunderstroke, the Socialist worker, strayed from our party, and

explored some of the narrow streets. She thought she had discovered a bread queue, and was most indignant, until it was explained to her that it was only a Russian outdoor game. They stand in single file for quite a long time, muttering and shouting various sentences. So utterly Russian!

We attended a cultural lecture in a large building. The lecturer was a prominent official of the Party, and his subject was "The New Consciousness of the Worker-State." The audience was composed of workers who were brought in from one of the rest homes.

We could not understand the lecture, as it was in Russian, but it was interesting to note that there was not a single interruption or adverse criticism.

At the end of the lecture our guide

\*Morton's Folly. 1934. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 344 pp. \$2.



brought up a man, and suggested that we should question him through an interpreter. Mrs. Thunderstroke asked him if he was happy. He mumbled something which the interpreter said meant, "I am deliriously happy. The Soviet regime has freed the workers. On to world revolution!"

Before we left England we were told by reactionaries that the workers were, in some cases, discontented with their lot. I would like to make it clear that we have discovered none of this discontent. The radio programs contain nothing hostile to the Soviet, nor do the loudspeakers at street corners criticize the regime adversely. When we asked our guide about it, he said that all this talk of discontent was capitalist propaganda.

One of our party very indiscreetly repeated a story about a small town in which all the churches were burned down and the priests massacred, and pointed out that this led people to say that religion was persecuted.

"It is not encouraged," said the guide, "because it is the opium of the people. But how can you say it is persecuted in a place where there is nothing to persecute? If the churches do not exist and the priests are dead, there can be no religion going on. Therefore it cannot be persecuted."

On our way to visit the old summer palaces of the czars, on the Black Sea, we called at a collective farm. The guide explained that under the czar the

peasants were slaves, and that many of them were forced to till their own land instead of tilling communal land for the state. Each family lived separately in a very primitive dwelling, instead of having so many cubic meters of space allotted to it in a communal barrack. He said that those peasants who did not like working on state farms were given a chance to take a long journey, often as far as the Arctic.

We asked a man on the state farm, through an interpreter, whether he enjoyed his work. He said that he did, and that Lenin had freed the workers. We asked him how much money he was allowed to earn, and he replied that money was not everything, and that Lenin had freed the workers. We asked him about his religion. He said that religion was the opium of the people and that it was a good thing it had been done away with by the will of the people, and that Lenin had freed the workers.

We visited one of the old summer palaces on the Black Sea coast. It had been turned into a rest home for the workers. In what was once the banqueting hall, the workers were being lectured on the capitalist tendency of the pictures and the furniture—both of which remained. The interpreter told us that all art before the revolution had been propaganda for the capitalist classes. He said that the idea of families living in their own homes, instead of in communal flats or barracks, was

an invention of the capitalists to emphasize the gulf between one man and another. The guide said that many of the workers resting here could not read or write, but that, to remedy this state of affairs, a certain sum was docked from their pay as an annual subscription to a newspaper, and further sums as subscriptions to workers' societies.

We asked if we might question some of the workers, but the guide said that tomorrow would be a better day, after he would have had time to prepare them for the shock of meeting such distinguished visitors.

Our guide secured us an interview with a prominent official of the communist party from the Altai. We asked a number of questions, but the interpreter said that the dialect this man spoke consisted only of about 130 words. "It is best," he said, "to let him tell you about his work." The interpreter made a sign, and the man at once spoke rapidly. His words were translated for us as follows: "Before the revolution the exploiter stole surplus value from the exploited, but now nobody is exploited, because the state is in supreme control of the means of production, and all the workers have to do is to put the fruits of their labor at the disposal of the state. World revolution will free the proletariat of

the world from the capitalists' chains."

We asked our guide about the shops, of which there seemed to be so few. He said that if a worker could secure a permit he could buy what he wanted within reason, unless the shop did not have enough of it. He said that the spare parts for radios sold best because it was easy to get a permit to buy them, and everyone wanted to listen to the broadcasts.

We had almost made up our minds that the Soviet system was flawless, and that the world must adopt it wholesale in order to survive, when we saw an official, a burly man in a leather jacket and peaked cap, maltreating a skinny horse. Such a sight brought a cry of anger from Mrs. Thunderstroke, and Mr. Milk protested to the guide. The incident has considerably modified our opinion of Soviet Russia.

We had to wait two days for a train. The guide explained that in capitalist countries everyone is so eager to amass money and to exploit the proletariat that trains have to be punctual, whereas in Russia other things are considered more important.

The train, when it arrived, did not have enough fuel to go to the place we intended to visit, so we had to get out after 20 minutes, and walk a long way to the nearest town.

The U. S. Congress once gave money away because of an overbalanced budget. It happened in 1837 and the treasury divided the money among the states as a gift.

*Scribner's Commentator* (March '41).

# Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan

When Oscar delved and Garden sang

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

The opera in New York from 1908 to 1920—we who were young then know that it was touched with magic! There were giants in those days: Enrico Caruso of the golden voice; Geraldine Farrar, whose smile could dim the tiaras of an opening-night audience; Pasquale Amato, whose baritone shook the candelabras; Antonio Scotti, supreme operatic villain; Emmy Destinn, incomparable as Aïda and Gioconda; Olive Fremstad, greatest of Wagnerian actresses; and in the conductor's stand, a little black-haired man, who never used a score, but who could make the orchestra sound as it has never sounded since, Arturo Toscanini. This was the Metropolitan. A few blocks away on 34th St. was the Manhattan, opened in 1906 by Oscar Hammerstein, under whose aegis were Mary Garden, the greatest operatic actress of them all; Maurice Renaud, the finest Don Giovanni and Rigoletto since Victor Maurel; Luisa Tetrazzini, coloratura with a dramatic soprano voice; and Hector Dufranne, whose voice in beauty and power rivaled that of Amato himself.

The Manhattan is no more, though the auditorium still stands and still houses occasional public meetings. As we wander through its lobby, ghosts

flit by, and the voices of nights long since vanished come back to us. Indeed, the old house is filled with ghosts.

Today, opera singers are sensible human beings, but in those days they were true to fiction in their temperament and quarrels, and the places where they sang were a mixture of Aladdin's cave and a madhouse. We of the press assigned to record the doings in these places of wonder found ourselves indeed in a magic cave. Never in the history of opera had the news writer been given such a chance. And the reason for this was a little man who wore a bell-shaped high silk hat out of a French comic paper, and who smoked interminable, evil-smelling cigars which he made himself. His name was Oscar Hammerstein.

Hammerstein built the Manhattan with profits derived from his Victoria Music Hall. Though he built it in what was then a cheap neighborhood, it cost so much, and the singers he brought from Europe cost so much more, that bets were made on Broadway that it would never open. Even Hammerstein himself, when asked what he would open it with, replied, "I'm going to open it with debts."

But open it he did, even though the seats weren't all in place until four

\*386 4th Ave., New York City. May 30, 1941.

o'clock on the opening day. At first the going was hard, but Oscar Hammerstein was fortunately a superb showman. He knew he must attract people to his opera who had never gone to opera before, and that the only way to reach them was through the newspapers. Any newspaperman could get into the Manhattan free, and we who were especially assigned to the opera found ourselves given the run of the theater, not only in front but on the stage—and during performances.

I can see Hammerstein now, seated in the wings in the first entrance left, his silk hat on his head, his cigar wafting noxious odors toward the singers on the stage. Yet they never complained. The fact that his eyes were continually on them made them sing as they never had before. His presence imparted something vibrant to the atmosphere. We felt that everything was possible, that anything might happen, and this excitement flowed across the footlights to the orchestra, thence to the audience and on up to the top-most gallery. We used to wander about the stage, getting in the way of the stagehands, talking to the singers, flirting with the ladies of the chorus. I myself learned to speak French by talking, while the opera was on, with a young lady from Berlin. Why we talked French I don't know, but I'm glad we did, even though my accent still bears a slight Germanic tinge.

The press agent at the Manhattan was the famous William J. Guard, "Bill" to every newspaperman in America. Enrico Caruso subsequently dubbed him "the Eel." Bill Guard was tall, fantastically thin, with stooping shoulders and a face strikingly like that of Robert Louis Stevenson. He was an Irishman, with a courtesy of manner belonging to another age, physically, mentally and spiritually the antithesis of his employer, and therefore ideal. His chief duty wasn't to get news into the papers, but to keep news out.

His office was a tiny cubbyhole off the main lobby. In it pandemonium reigned, for people were always running in with demands for free tickets, requests for interviews or for news. I never knew Guard to lose his temper, or even to appear excited. He was the diplomat *in excelsis*. He should have been an ambassador, with someone to keep his desk in order. It was piled high with letters and papers. He never destroyed anything, just threw it on top of what was already there. But though Bill Guard was a master diplomat, there were times when he didn't succeed, for instance, the time when Mme. Tetrazzini refused at the last moment to go on in *Lucia*.

Mme. Tetrazzini was very superstitious, and she was also at that particular period very much in love. Among her superstitions was one which was the bane of her impresario's existence.

Just before going on in an opera she would always drop a stiletto onto the floor of her dressing room. If it stuck in the planking all was well, but if it didn't, she would shriek that the "evil eye" was on her. She would then proceed to have ten minutes of hysterics, while the curtain was held, and Guard and the young Italian she was in love with would work to quiet her. Then she would go on and sing, often very badly for the first five minutes if she felt that the "evil eye" had not been completely exorcised.

This particular time her *cavaliere servente* was sick in bed with the flu. The stiletto having refused to stick in the floor, Tetrazzini's hysterics ensued, and Bill Guard alone couldn't stop them. Between shrieks the soprano demanded her *caro Armando*. It didn't matter whether he was sick in bed or not, she wouldn't sing unless he came to hold her hand. There was nothing to do but for Hammerstein himself to get into a taxi and drive to the sick-room, while Guard stepped before the curtain and told the audience that the opening would be slightly delayed. What persuasion Hammerstein used upon the ailing swain was never known, but he got him into the taxi, for fever and all, and deposited him in Mme. Tetrazzini's dressing room. Ten minutes later the star, all smiles, swept upon the stage, while *caro Armando*, shivering and coughing, was bundled back into his taxi. Love had

triumphed where diplomacy had failed.

And then there was the battle between Mary Garden and the Italian soprano, Lina Cavaliere. Miss Garden had created in America the part of the Alexandrian courtesan in Massenet's *Thaïs*, and therefore considered that she had a monopoly on it. Hammerstein had just engaged Mme. Cavaliere, and had billed her as "the most beautiful woman in the world." She was not, however, much of an actress, and he wanted to present her in a part where her beauty might make one forget her lack of histrionic ability. Unfortunately, he chose *Thaïs* without consulting Miss Garden. The announcement was made in the morning newspapers, with the additional item that Mme. Cavaliere would wear all her world-famous jewels. I was then music editor of the *Times*, and when I reported at noon at the office, Arthur Grievess, the city editor, met me with a grin.

"Do you know," he asked, "who was just here demanding to see you? Mary Garden! She barged in past the office boys, right up to my desk, and was she mad!"

By the time I reached her apartment Miss Garden's anger had sent her to bed, and it was in bed that I saw her. I can see that bed now: as magnificently theatric as the angry prima donna sitting up in it, telling me what she thought of Hammerstein and La Cavaliere. It was a wonder that her words

didn't set fire to the bedclothes, but what it all boiled down to was that Hammerstein must at once withdraw Cavaliere's name from *Thaïs*, and that I must write for the *Times* just what she said to me. I promised I would, and I did, but not *all* she said. An angry prima donna has small regard for the laws of libel. The next day Bill Guard sent out an announcement that Mme. Cavaliere would appear in an opera other than *Thaïs*. There were those who accused Miss Garden of an excess of temperament, but I'm inclined to think it was just hardheaded Scottish common sense.

It was Oscar Hammerstein who rejuvenated opera in New York. By giving *Pelléas, Louise, Thaïs, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, he introduced to our delighted ears modern French opera, while in Tetrzzini he had a singer capable of giving the old Italian works more brilliantly than they had recently been given uptown. Because of his coming the Metropolitan had to bestir itself. It brought Giulio Gatti-Casazza from La Scala in Milan to be its general manager, with Arturo Toscanini as its chief conductor. The rivalry between the two houses was intense. One night they were giving the same opera (I think it was *Rigoletto*) with Tetrzzini and Constantino at the Manhattan and a distinctly inferior cast at the Metropolitan. During the performance the news arrived at the Manhattan that the Metropolitan

was only half filled. The word was carried backstage just as the curtain was falling on the third act in a house filled to suffocation. The audience must have wondered what had caused the sudden burst of cheering from the stage, and it would have wondered more if the curtain had been lifted and it had seen the whole company, including the 200-pound Tetrzzini, join hands and dance wildly about the stage, whooping as it danced.

Hammerstein's last season, that of 1909-1910, marked a falling off. It is true that he gave the first American performance of Strauss' *Elektra*, but that was the only outstanding event. Moreover, he had quarreled with his chief conductor, Cleofonte Campanini, and the man he had engaged to take his place, a Dutch musician named De la Fuente, proved distinctly inferior. I remember a remark concerning his conducting of *Carmen* made by Charles Henry Meltzer, the music critic of the New York *American*. Meltzer came into the press room after the second act and said, "Mr. De la Fuente and his musicians remind me of the story of the barker outside a tent show, who bawled out to passers-by: 'Ladies and gentlemen, come inside and see Daniel in the lions' den! Daniel doesn't give a damn for the lions, and the lions don't give a damn for Daniel!'"

It well expressed the way things went on in the orchestra that night and the way they had actually been



going on for some time. Meltzer wasn't usually so witty. He was a mild-mannered man of 60, who, because he had once lived in the Latin Quarter and had spoken to the poet, Verlaine, considered himself the last of the Bohemians. He wore his hair long, that is, in back, for in front he was completely bald, and, like Rodolfo's in *La Bohème*,

it stuck out from under a broad-brimmed black felt hat. He also affected an overcoat with a cape. He considered himself something of a character and this he actually was in a mild sort of way. Peace to his ashes. And peace to the ashes also of Oscar Hammerstein, who *was* a character—a character such as New York will never see again.



### *Is Hess Crazy?*

I don't know any more than you why Hess went to Britain. But if he went because he no longer thought like the rest of the boys, undoubtedly by the Führer's yardstick of sanity Hess was crazy. So, in all probability, are you. I know I am.

If you believe in God the Father almighty and not in Rosenberg's racial divinities, you are crazy.

If you believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the world's Redeemer, you are crazy.

If you think that there are certain "unalienable rights," such as "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," no question but that you are crazy.

If you think that all men, of every race, color or condition, are equal before the eyes of their Maker, you must be crazy.

If you abominate wholesale murder, hate war and love peace, what else can you be but crazy?

If you believe in liberty of conscience and therefore personal responsibility

for your own conduct to God, nothing can excuse you for it but the fact that you are crazy.

If you believe that human slavery is wrong, even when made by state edict through wars or taxation that takes everything a citizen can produce by his labor, you are supercrazy.

Yes, Hess, measured by the Hitlerian yardstick, may be as crazy as a loon or a bedbug (though I never knew why loons and bedbugs pursuing their natural avocations in life ever got such a reputation). But measured by the same yardstick, you and I must be crazy that way, too. So were the twelve apostles, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas; not to speak of Joan of Arc, William Tell, Robert Emmet, George Washington and Simon Bolivar.

Move over on the bench, Herr Hess. Here's a crowd of crazy folks who are to occupy the same cell with you; as crazy as the prophets, the seers, the liberators and the saints of this supposedly enlightened human race.

# A Puzzled Man Grows Lonesome

By MICHAEL GRIFFIN

One may walk to church

Condensed from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*\*

It's a spring evening, verging on 30 years ago. I am walking with my mother along the quiet street of a little Wisconsin town. She is tall and slim and straight and she is dressed in black.

The sidewalk is dry except at the cracks, which are tiny streams, and that is one certain sign of spring. The tree banks are soggy but a boy of eight or nine can't resist testing them now and then. There is a chill in the air, but it has no strength and the doors of many of the houses we pass are open, and sometimes there is a whiff of coffee or other cooking. That is another sign of spring. But better than all is the clean, sweet smell in the air that proves spring has come.

At the deserted house at Elm and 1st Sts., my mother shivers and says, "It always makes me feel sad to see a deserted house."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. People lived there and maybe died, too. And maybe a mother had a little boy she loved and they lived there."

There is silence then, as we pass the house, but my mother begins to talk of the day when I will go to the university, and in an instant a new world is opened for me. So we talk and chatter and laugh, and soon we come to

the church, for Sunday devotions are a ritual with my mother. There are quiet, pleasant greetings at the entrance, and now we are in the church. Father O'Reilly is saying the Stations of the Cross.

"First Station. Jesus is condemned to death," and there follows the murmur of prayers, but my thoughts are far away. I'm a university student and a football star. There is a slight odor of incense. The church is cool and dim.

"Tenth Station. Jesus is stripped of His garments."

"Eleventh Station. Jesus is nailed to the cross."

I shudder then and my mother bows her head. Finally the services are over and we walk slowly home, talking pleasantly, comfortably, and a little sleepy.

And that life is gone now. It can never return, of course, just that way, but the peace, the tranquillity, the serenity, surely need not have died. Yet, those qualities are brutally treated these days, almost everywhere in the world. Maybe my mother and others of that day were lax somehow; maybe they didn't guard their heritage well enough. I don't know.

Who wouldn't be bewildered when the life he knows and loves is threat-

\*Louisville, Ky. April 29, 1941.

ened with extinction in order to make way for a crazy, filthy philosophy of race superiority and individual slavery to an old and cruel pagan religion? I

think I would feel better if I could have action—definite, pounding, physical action—and with it the proud feeling of protecting something I cherish.



## A Name for the New Baby

Champagne names for launching

By DOROTHY BERNARD

Condensed from the *Advocate*\*

"There's nothing new under the sun!" is wrong because it forgets the new baby.

They're just about the newest thing there is, and you see them everywhere. Perhaps you've even got one at home.

The other day I heard a humorous wail from a young mother: "Being the youngest, and the last to get married, there are no names worth speaking of for *my* baby. You people have already given them all to my nieces and nephews."

Well, for those who find themselves in such a difficulty, here are a few suggestions:

Adele: She was a saint, of course. (Only saints need apply for inclusion in this list.) Abbess of a monastery.

Adrienne: French feminine form of Adrian. There are many saints of this name. Perhaps *your* little girl may add another to the list!

Aline: A Belgian martyr.

Annette: French diminutive of Ann.

Remember the name of our Lady's mother?

Audry: I know one Audry. Very nice person. It's an English contraction of Etheldreda.

Baldwin: St. Baldwin was a Cistercian abbot.

Barnaby: English form of Barnabas. St. Barnabas was a fellow apostle of St. Paul.

Bede: St. Bede the Venerable, of course.

Casimir: It means peaceful, so might be worth trying! St. Casimir was the son of a king of Poland.

Cecily: Early Roman martyr. (Then, of course, there's also Cecily Hallack.†)

Celestine: It means heavenly. What more could you ask?

Christine: Blessed Christine was a nun.

Colette: Ask the Poor Clares about Colette.

Colm, Colum: This means dove.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, '37, p. 79.

\*143-151 à Beckett St., Melbourne, C.1, Australia. April 17, 1941.

Perhaps rather hard for a little boy to live up to, but St. Colum would probably be ready to lend a helping hand. He's the most famous of the saints of Scotland.

Crispin: It means curly-headed, so better take a good look at baby before you bestow it. St. Crispin was a shoemaker, and a martyr.

Eamon: It's the Irish form of Edmond, e. g., Eamon de Valera! There's a pleasant meaning to the name: happy protection.

Eithne: She was a king's daughter who received Baptism and Communion from St. Patrick himself, so 'tis said. So, perhaps all Eithnes should be baptized by the bishop himself!

Everard: An English priest martyred about 1581.

Felicity: A lovely little Roman martyr.

Felix: This sounds good. There are 67 saints and martyrs of this name. Always room for one more, too!

Flavia: Another early Christian martyr.

Frieda: It's German, and it means peace. But the saint is English.

Gabriel: No need to tell you about him! There's Gabrielle for a girl.

Gemma: A saint of today—Gemma Galgani.

Guy: Perhaps it's a bit risky, especially when he goes to school. But there was a St. Guy, and he'd see to fair play. Also, Guy de Fontgalland.

Imelda: There is a legend that our

Lord Himself gave her first Communion.

Inez: Agnes, gone Spanish.

Juliana: She'd be in good company. Dame Juliana, of Norwich, for one.

Juliet: Another besides the one Shakespeare knew. Our Juliet was a martyr.

Justin: Roman martyr.

Kenelm: It means family protection. A young Mercian prince.

Maura: It's the feminine of Maurice, and also the name of a French martyr.

Murtagh: There's a nautical touch about this, for it means sea protector. St. Murtagh was an Irish bishop.

Oliver: Blessed Oliver Plunket, of course.

Osmund: Means divine protection. English saint.

Pascal or Paschal: St. Pascal Baylon.

Petronella: Feminine diminutive of Peter, and you know who he was.

Phoebe: Yes, she was a saint.

Priscilla: Early Roman saint.

René: St. René Goupil—a Jesuit lay brother martyred by Red Indians. Plenty of adventure about that!

Rita: Diminutive of Margaret, and there's St. Rita of Cascia.

Roch: Born with a red-cross birthmark on his breast, he miraculously cured the plague-stricken with the sign of the cross.

Romeo: Don't recommend this, really, but thought you might like to know there was a St. Romeo as well as a St. Juliet.

Romuald: A monk who died in 1027.

Simon: It means snub-nosed, but don't let that put you off! It also means obedient, and that would be a great help. And you know about St. Simon Stock and the brown scapular.

Stephanie: French feminine form of Stephen, the first martyr, who was stoned to death.

Zita: A saintly little servant girl.

Zoe: I'm sorry to say she was roasted to death, but she's been in heaven for so long now that one can only envy her. Her name means "life" in Greek.

These are just a few names taken at random. There are many more. And, of course, every little girl has *Mary* somewhere in her name, and there should always be a *J* in a little boy's initials, standing either for St. Joseph, or for St. John.

Really, you know, getting oneself born is a minor item, although, even in Catholic homes, it's the happening that

gets all the limelight. But, celestially speaking, one hasn't really arrived until he has been baptized. Entrance into the world, taken in itself, especially into this world of 1941, could, perhaps, be regarded as a doubtful blessing. Not so entrance into the Church of God, the communion of saints.

Dress the baby up for the great day, too! Why not? Debutantes who are to be presented to an earthly king like to look their best; this small, heavenly debutante is being presented to the King of kings. On the other hand, He understands as no earthly king could ever do exactly how you are placed. And no matter how poorly you or the baby may be clad, because like Himself you are poor, you are always sure of a welcome if you go to Him with love in your heart.

"Nothing new under the sun?" Nonsense! There's always the new baby!



## Beginnings . . . XXV . . .

### NEW JERSEY

*First priest:* Probably Father Thomas Harvey, S.J., in 1689.

*First Mass:* Probably the same in 1689, in the house of John Tatham, Catholic governor of New Jersey, at Burlington.

*First Baptism definitely recorded:* David Mair (Meyer?), May 30, 1743, by Father Theodore Schneider.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

# Your Health

By N. McMAHON

Intestine Blitzkrieg

Condensed from *Caritas*\*

A few fellows got together one day and decided to play a practical joke on one of their workmates. Each time they met him they were to say, "You do look ill." The victim was in excellent health but he was inclined to worry about it. Hearing so many people tell him he looked unwell, he became alarmed. Gradually, he lost his appetite, became pale and haggard and ended up in a sanitarium.

This is a far-fetched tale, I admit, and I cannot vouch for its truth. But it could happen. Tuberculosis is an infectious disease set up in the lungs by microbes. These little fellows are called Koch's bacilli. Most of us have some of them in our lungs. We pick them up through the nose or the mouth in buses, movies, or wherever there are crowds. Don't get scared! This does not mean that you are going to get tuberculosis.

There is a lot of talk at present about invasions. The body has to deal with invasions every day of our lives. Most diseases are caused by microbes. These germs are all around us and they are always trying to find an entry into our body.

If the body did not possess such a perfect defense system the microbes would make short work of us. There

is nothing our chiefs of staff can teach it in the way of military tactics. But there is a lot they can learn from it. When we prick our finger the drop of blood that comes appears to be all liquid. Actually, it contains little bodies called corpuscles, but they are invisible. These corpuscles are of two sorts: red and white. The red ones carry oxygen. They pick it up in the lungs, deliver it to various parts of the body and then return for more. This is such an important job that nature has provided soldiers to protect them. These soldiers are called white corpuscles, or to give them their technical name, phagocytes. They destroy microbes by eating them. They have great mobility and can squeeze their way in and out through the walls of the blood vessels.

This is how they deal with an invasion. Microbes manage to penetrate into the body through a cut. At once the brain flashes a message to the defense corps. The phagocytes give them short shrift. If the microbes are numerous, a fierce battle takes place. The bodies of the slain, both invaders and defenders, are ejected from the body in the shape of pus. Microbes can multiply with astounding rapidity. If they once get a foothold within us, they are not easily driven out.

\*House of St. John of God, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, Ireland. April-June, 1941.



If our phagocytes get the worst of a battle they fall back on their second line of defense. These are little fortresses scattered all over the body, and chock-full of reserve white corpuscles. They are all connected with one another. This is called the lymphatic system. If the microbes were so strong that they managed to break down all the defenses of the lymphatic glands, they would get into the blood stream. There would then be blood poisoning. A good example of nature's defenses are the two tonsils at the back of the throat. They are fortresses full of phagocytes. Their job is to keep the microbes in our throat on good behavior.

We were saying that most of us have some tubercular bacilli in our lungs. We either inhale them or eat food containing them. Nature's method of dealing with these 5th columnists is interesting. She builds a little wall right around them. In this way they cannot increase nor pour the poisons they manufacture into our system.

Happily, we are not all as impressionable as our friend who got tuberculosis. But in all of us our state of mind has a big influence on our health. Some years ago a French doctor named Coué brought out a new system of treatment. It was something on the style of faith healing.

There was nothing really original in that. From the time of Hippocrates, doctors have realized that the first

thing they have to do when called to attend a patient is to put his mind at ease. We know from our own experience of sickness how different we feel when the doctor has called. We feel that we are in good hands and so stop worrying.

Too much attention to one's health can be as bad as too little. Take the question of chewing food. There is no doubt about the importance of proper mastication. In the mouth, food has to be crushed into a pulp and thoroughly moistened with the salivary juices so that certain chemical changes can take place. If we bolt our food it means that other parts of the digestive system have to try to do what our teeth should have done. The result is usually indigestion. But we need not count the number of times we chew each mouthful.

During digestion the stomach churns about a good deal so as to get the food well impregnated with gastric juices. We are not aware of this going on. In fact, we have nothing to do with it at all. We can neither start it nor stop it. Our stomach is outside our control and even seems to resent our bothering about what it is doing. It is an admirable servant that will do its work well providing we leave it alone. Those who are always wondering what is going on in their "innards" usually end up by getting indigestion.

Scientists have analyzed our food and can tell us the correct amounts of

proteins, vitamins and whatnots that we need to keep us in good health. This is very useful for invalids and growing children. But we hope the day is far distant when hotel menus will contain chemical analyses of the various dishes, and customers will be more concerned about filling up with the requisite amount of calories and carbohydrates than satisfying their appetites.

The importance of vitamins is a recent discovery, but mankind has got along fairly well for the last 6,000 years without this knowledge. It is ironic to reflect that with all our present-day knowledge of food values, malnutrition through unsatisfactory diets was hardly known among previous generations.

The public health authorities in London were worried at the beginning of last winter. They feared terrible epidemics of influenza and other infectious diseases. Everything pointed to it. Insufficient rest, shortage of food, overcrowding in shelters and the strain on the nerves from constant bombing. Actually, there was far less illness than in former years when people had every comfort. The explanation is beginning to dawn on the authorities that the people are healthier now because they are eating less and eating more wholesome food. The departure of white

bread is a blessing that war has brought in its train. White bread contained very little nourishment. All the good part of the wheat was given to animals.

Although it is not wise to worry about our health nor take undue care of it, still we must know when to throw in the sponge. The man who insists on going to the office as usual when he has the flu should be put in jail. He is sneezing and coughing and scattering microbes over all the people who are beside him in the bus and in the office. When we have a rise in temperature we should go to bed.

Three things are very important for maintaining good health: sleep, food, exercise. During the day, various poisons accumulate in our system. They are got rid of during the night. If we do not get sufficient sleep this purification is not completed and we start the next day badly. Those of us who have burned the midnight oil know how washed-out and irritable loss of sleep leaves us. Eight hours' sleep is the ideal. It is important to have some ventilation in the bedroom, we need plenty of fresh air to provide oxygen. Food should be simple and plain and taken in moderation, with not too much meat when we have passed 40. Light eaters usually live longest.



Two can live on love—but not forever. The landlord will be around the first of the month for the rent. And he can't live on love—at least, not on your love.

*The Torch* (May '41).

# Price Tag on a Frat Pin

Pearls are preferred

By PHILIP BURKE

Condensed from *Columbia\**

The collegiate frat pins are pretty bijoux. Embellished with seed pearls and diamond chips, the little gold Greek letters look nice on vests. They're convenient, too, as engagement tokens. But they're too expensive. Not worth their cost in time, money, and softening experience. That's the worst to be said of them. For they're symbols of ease, not of evil. The frat houses are no dens of wickedness; just, for too many boys, expensive inns on the road to failure. If you send your son next September to a university where the Greek-letter social frats flourish, you'll be sending him to this; you'll be paying for this.

First, the rushing committees, students representing the various frats, will examine and evaluate your son, and you. During the first weeks of the fall semester, these committees will decide whether your son is to be welcomed to the elect, or left to join the campus proletariat called, with humorous contempt, the "barbs" (barbarians).

The committees will weigh your son, and here are some of the marks on their scales. Were you yourself a Greek-letter man? If you were, and have since paid your dues, and stayed out of jail, automatically your son becomes a legacy. Your old fraternity will con-

sider itself honor bound to give him a bid, though he be otherwise a liability, an undesirable. We have heard, indeed, of a legacy being accepted, though he appeared on the September campus wearing a straw hat. Naturally, there was dissension about it, and a sensitive sophomore turned in his pin. But the lad was accepted, the hat forgiven and forgotten. The frats have their codes and are loyal to them.

Then, too, if your son is graduated from a swanky and expensive private school, he is immediately and obviously desirable. The rush committees will at once put him on the blue-ribbon list, along with the outstanding athletes, and the boys with good cars. Lacking such conspicuous virtues, your boy will not be immediately nor necessarily rejected. He and you will be quietly and skillfully examined. Nor are you being neglected. Active members of the frat from your community report on you. Some alumnus of the frat in your town may be asked for a confidential report. Business? Bank account? Country club? Social or professional prestige? Money is important, of course, but it is by no means the only consideration. The children of professors and of ministers, for instance, are usually considered desirable, provided, of course, that

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. June, 1941.

they don't take their parents' vocations too seriously.

So, too, with Catholics. They are welcome enough, provided only that they don't take their religion too seriously. Protestant or Catholic, "churchers" are frowned upon. *Churcher* is not the exact word, but a substitution of ours, lest we shock you. A churcher is one who takes his religion seriously, who lives by it. Don't misunderstand us, the brothers aren't bigoted, are not antis or radicals of any kind; they're just juvenile men of the world. They have a broad-minded tolerance toward any religion, in its place.

Having watched the frats function in four different universities, I must in all fairness admit that their attitude toward Catholics is basically reasonable; essentially a reflection of the attitude of the teachers in the same universities. In classrooms and frat houses alike, Catholics can be comfortable, if discreet.

In the frat houses the boy who goes now and then to Mass, and doesn't leave his beads around, will suffer for his faith no more than an occasional and good-natured ribbing. And such ribbing does not continue long. The brothers and he soon learn to skip it.

And the frat men's tolerance extends even to scholars. In fact, boys with no more to offer than brains are often, and the pun is intended, "taken in" by the social frats. A straight A scholastic high-school record may indeed be a

pass card into the sportiest frat on the campus. That is because each frat, to keep in good standing with the university authorities, and with its national officials, must by hook or crook maintain a C or 70% average of scholarship. Thus, it sometimes becomes advisable, necessary even, to take into the chapter a grind or two, whose high marks will counteract the sag of the general average.

There are services a social frat will extend to your son. The older brothers will help his adjustment to college life; will help him with his work or, if one must be exact, to escape his work. He will get, without charge or prejudice, expert and experienced advice on picking easy courses and profs. In time of need he will get practical, tangible help. There are, for instance, the frat libraries. To your mere barbarian, library means books and a place to read them; in many frats the word has a more specialized meaning. It is slang for a collection of themes. Loyal brothers don't throw away their graded and returned papers; they contribute them to the general good. These are footprints on the scholastic sands, for the succor of shipwrecked brothers.

Each year on each campus, there's a small group of boys who know they'll be rushed. Rich boys and athletes and senators' sons may choose their own frat, weighing the football captain of the Sigma Nus against the new playroom in the Kappa Sigs; the co-ed

appeal of the local Phi Delts against the national prestige of the SAE's. At the other end of each class on the campus is a much larger group of born barbs; the boy with the wrong kind of parents and pants, the non-athletes, the cranks, the boys with no money for jeweled pins. These, like the gilded few, escape the ordeal, the long suspense of the rushing season. Tranquil and unwatched on the library steps, their prosaic talk is of courses, profs, 30c meals and furnaces to tend.

There remains the third group, the middle-class many, boys on the anxious seat, who hope to belong, whose people at home want to boast of that belonging. For these boys rush week is a long strain that ends in rejoicing or sick disappointment. After rush week is over, there are always a few foolish, sensitive boys among the rejected who can't take it; they pack up and go home with inferiority complexes that sometimes wear off in a few years.

The rejected boys, though, make adjustments more easily than the girls whom no sorority has chosen. That's natural. Very few boys come to college with marriage in mind. Girls do; they want many things, but most deeply they want the social associations that may lead to good marriages. And on the campuses where they flourish, the sororities make those contacts; the sororities and fraternities between them control the social life. They arrange and exchange dates, dances, firesides,

picnics and ski parties. The non-sorority girls are outsiders; far more than their brothers do they feel and resent the social stigma of not having been wanted.

Meanwhile, let's be optimistic, let's suppose your boy to be one of the fortunates; let's take it for granted that for him the long strain of rush week will end in happy release. Your own release will come later. Four years, and some thousands of dollars, later.

Your son will move into his frat house, where he'll pay monthly his share of the house expenses. Such expenses cannot be accurately estimated, for they vary widely from campus to campus, and from mortgage to mortgage. But board and room in the college dorm always cost less. And the heaviest tax is the indirect one, the keeping-up cost. For any normal boy wants to be like his comrades, to do as they do. When they ride to dances in taxis, he won't be happy taking his girl on the bus. The Sigma Chis had their last dinner dance at the town's swanky hotel; so the Sigma Nus must get the country club, and a name band. And your son must help pay the fiddler.

Of course, there are geniuses, boys steel-tooled for success. In or out of the frats such boys do well. But most boys are not like that. Most of them are immature, susceptible to influence and environment, compounded of strengths and weaknesses, capable of

success and of failure. Such boys need wiser guides than the Joe-collegiates of the frats.

Truth to tell, in spite of their swank and their slang, all these frats are a little old-fashioned. They belong to that comfortable and silly decade when, having made the world safe for democracy, we were all buying stocks to make it safe for our children. In those lush times, the frats had a certain vocational use. They trained boys to be at ease in salon or saloon, gave them a polish and glibness, and graduated many a bond salesman. Too many bond salesmen; there wasn't room on

the country-club verandas for them all. There is now, of course.

What the world will be like in ten years no man can say. But all thoughtful men know there are hard times ahead. The world into which we were born is breaking up. All that we know of the world to come is that it must emerge slowly from long distress and confusion. From that distress and confusion we cannot save our children; we can but prepare them for it by giving them a good education, knowledge and faith that may be to them sword and shield. Frat pins are pretty, but too small for shields.



### *Deportment Department*

The Scriptures relate the story of how our Lord reproved the forward guests at a banquet, telling them that they should take the lowest place, so that he who invited them might say, "Friend, go up higher."

Unless my theology is entirely heretical, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a Banquet. Now it does happen that people will come late for Mass, not through their own fault. The latecomers may arrive while the priest is making the announcements. He sees them standing in the rear: in the lowest place. He invites them to the higher places, the front pews. Many who are thus invited to come forward, leave the church and go back home.

Mothers, with infants who might burst out crying at the hellzapoppin's of the priest, have a legitimate right to stay in the rear. Shabbily dressed men and women, who are self-conscious of their poverty, also are excused from coming forward; likewise the sick and crippled, particularly those crippled by people who have violated the 5th Commandment, who might find difficulty slumping even into the last pew.

I may be wrong, but when I love a person I want to be close to that person. If I love Christ, I will want to be up close. The only advantage the back seat in church gives one is an early exit in case of fire, but don't worry—churches don't easily catch fire.

Claude Mussell, O.M.C., in the *Apostolate of Our Lady* (May '41).

[Readers are invited to report instances of bad (or good) deportment.—Ed.]



# The Fate of Christianity

Layman lays 'em out

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

**It seems to me** incredible that anyone should still say of Adolph Hitler that he is merely the result of the Treaty of Versailles and what followed. That is like declaring that Nero was the product of a Roman economic depression, or that the Emperor Decius followed logically from the fact that Julius Caesar had been slain. Of course it is true that Caesar had been slain. Of course it is true that economic and political circumstances gave Hitler an audience, because otherwise people would have listened to someone else. They would have kept gathering to hear the dolts who promised them universal peace without an effort.

I have come, alas, to have a sort of loathing of those who speak in this wise. For they have no longer any respect for martyrs. I am, despite rumor to the contrary, a peace-loving and reticent man.

But against those who talk in the manner described, I shall speak out as long as there is breath in me. When I saw in Rome the greatest man I shall know among the living, he said that I was to attack these people as he had attacked them. It was a command and I shall follow it.

However little one may hope for the triumph of Christianity through resort

to arms, there is this to say: the Catholic order is not supernatural merely, but natural too. How much of our ethics, individual and social, rests upon the reason and the order it reveals!

The whole of the *jus naturae* is a sacred heritage. Had Hitler undertaken no conquest at all, had he been content to wreak upon Germany the havoc he has wrought by destroying law and reason, we should necessarily be concerned and obliged to give aid and comfort to those who resisted him.

For in this case it was no mere question of banishing political opponents or turning things upside down in the name of revolution. It was not even merely a matter of closing schools or expropriating Church property. For however reprehensible these things may be, they involve only problems of legality. They have to do with the question of jurisdiction, whether by the Church, the state or the individual person. What happened in Hitler's Germany was that law and reason themselves were destroyed.

Let me illustrate. It is, heaven knows, deplorable that the French government should have secularized the Catholic establishment. But one could still protest and worship. One could still teach children religion. In short,

\*386 4th Ave., New York City. Jan. 17, 1941.

the case against the government could be fought and was fought before the bar of French public opinion, so well that it had practically been won in 1940.

In Germany, however, you could worship only if you did not protest; and in not protesting you were tacitly endorsing what had been done. You were permitted to go to church (and, indeed, to live) if you did not say that murder and the concentration camp were wrong, that the hideous pogrom was evil, and the rearing of your children in a code of pagan morality was anathema to you. That is the difference, and it is essential. Freedom itself is at stake, and freedom without the moral order becomes a mere abstraction.

Hitler did not, however, simply devastate his own land. He set out to conquer others, and to date he has succeeded. And each victory merely reproduces the original Nazi pattern. It sets in motion another pathetic march of refugees, another trek to the ghetto, another pageant of humanity clenching its fists in impotent rage.

Resistance to Hitler is possible solely on the field of battle. Between France and vassalage there stands only the

army of Free Frenchmen. What wards off slavery from Britain everybody knows. And therefore, inevitably, Americans have awakened to the fact that their liberty, too, has only one possible instrument of defense.

Accordingly, it is useless to point the finger of scorn at Britain for the things she has left undone. True enough, she bungled the peace and so did we. The tares of industrialism sprout in her garden, even as they do in ours. The English have erected a barrier to unreason and I do not see how any Christian can do otherwise than rejoice that it should be so.

We may marvel that it should be so. We may even wish that almost any other people had been cast in that heroic role. Yes, we may go so far as to detest the British for the honor that has come to them in this hour. But I cannot see how we can do otherwise than grant that the honor is theirs.

For what is now going on is just a naked wrestling match to decide whether Christianity is to survive in Europe outside scattered catacombs. It doesn't make sense to think of it in other terms.

Why do people hate the tyrant with the little moustache, but not the one with the big moustache?

John K. Cartwright quoted in the *Voice* (May '41).

A German plane, evidently disabled, tried to land in Eire and crashed. Of the crew of six, five carried rosaries in their pockets; the other was so charred no identification could be found on him. The Irish gave the five a Catholic burial.

Excerpt from a letter.

# Eric Gill

He walked in beauty

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Condensed from *Social Justice* of Ceylon\*

The death of Eric Gill is a loss to Merrie England, whose sole representative he was in a mad and modern world. His loss is like the disappearance of a part of the English soil or the drying up of an English stream or the leveling of an English hill. For like these familiar and intimate things of the English landscape, he was a last manifestation of something traditionally and anciently English.

On all counts he was a remarkable man. A large number of people had got to know that he was a remarkable man, and they came to see him in his own surroundings, sometimes after journeys across the continents and the wide stretches of waters. At Piggotts, his place in a small village called North Dean, near High Wycombe, in the county of Buckinghamshire, it is possible that his visitors realized he was not only a remarkable man but that he was a man in 40 million.

The story of Piggotts will, in time, come to be written. In time also it may stun more and more people by its truth which was stranger than fiction. When the corroded fashion of modernity is dead, it may turn up as the only story worth reading that the world of today left behind.

Arthur Eric Rowton Gill, later to

become known to the world as Eric Gill, was born in 1882 at Brighton. He was a clergyman's son. His education was private, but his propensity for art was an early discovery.

The artist married early. His family numbered five when they experienced a deeper conviction of religion, and in a body made their profession of a positive and categorical faith. This inspiration of religion was to remain the central fact in the artist's life. The heresy of an art for art's sake prevailed when the artist was a young man. Later, his books on art were to affirm in almost violent terms his contempt of that mean estheticism.

With the beginning of a deeper religious impulse, the artist had admired the Dominican ideal. He elected to follow this ideal in the lay state and to carry out its counsels of perfection in daily life: to work for an end of art which transcends art, to practice poverty, to offer praise and benediction to God and to preach—through the medium of stone. At Piggotts, later, the artist's establishment had two characteristic departments: the chapel, served daily by a permanent chaplain, and the studio, served by the artist himself.

Gill was a capable writer, skilled in

\**St. Peter's College, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon. February, 1941.*

clear and succinct exposition, gifted with a consistent logic and a firm grip of the argument, his own and his opponent's. He wrote prose of distinction, which would have made his pen famous, if his chisel had not already made itself so.

His books in their very titles speak of strong and positive views, but these are based on morals and religion. *Art Nonsense and Other Essays*, *Clothes, Beauty Looks After Herself*, *Money and Morals*, *Necessity of Belief*, these tell profusely of his preoccupation with the problems of the age. Gill's critical attack on these problems was from the vantage ground of a permanent body of truth; faith that age does not stale, and reason which custom does not wither.

His work in stone will endure. The celebrated stations of the cross in Westminster Cathedral will keep their place. Fierce battles of art were fought round the question of Gill's technique. His village crucifix at Bisham in Berkshire put that place on the map for tourists and art lovers. For Broadcasting House he made the panel of Prospero and Ariel. For the League of Nations Building in Geneva his work was equally original and to the point.

For the Leeds University War Memorial he made the sculpture of *Christ Driving the Moneylenders out of the Temple*, which provoked first the moneylenders of Leeds, then of other and greater places, to fury. Typogra-

phy knows of an Eric Gill typeface, which even the conservative *Times* paid tribute to by use. For Gill's most current work; seen in millions and millions of copies, you have the new King George VI postage stamps. Unlike the work at Bisham, or his other sculpture, this handiwork of Eric Gill goes to the ends of the earth.

It is at Piggotts that Eric Gill realized his fullest purpose. The 18 acres of land yielded him a reasonable amount of home-grown food for himself and his family. On the land they all settled: the Gills, their children and grandchildren, a self-contained colony. Cows provided milk, and sheep and pigs, meat. The smallest Gills frisked with the lambs, while Eric Gill got on with work. The idea was that a man's home and his workshop belonged on the same plot of ground, and the man was master of both. Where the world called him an artist, he called himself a workman.

Of his theory and practice of work, the following distinction, taken from his book on beauty and put up as a motto, presents the sum and substance: "The free man does what he likes in his working time, and in his spare time does what is required of him. The slave does what he is obliged to do in his working time, and what he likes to do only when he is not at work."

At work and off, he wore a medieval costume, a biretta-like headgear and a

loose workman's robe with long sleeves fastened at the hips with a cord. G. K. Chesterton said that he looked "like a palmer of the 12th century." With a joyousness of the heart in being alive and doing, recaptured from Merrie England that was, his fine friendly eyes twinkled at you from a bearded face. In modern England he was felt to be a person apart, being so alone in his time. In the age of Chaucer and Langland there would have been no need to describe him as picturesque, as everybody else would have been like him.

Though in the perfection and young vigor and finished strength of his line and in the exquisite beauty of his lettering Eric Gill was a modern, the attack on modernity which his pen made can be summed up in his analysis of the modern position of art. The new times had driven in a wedge between art and craft, and separated the two into watertight compartments. Art was fine and polite and pleasurable; the crafts were made cheap and un-

couth and held for use. The artist was one kind of man, a higher being; the craftsman another kind and a lower. Time was when this snobbery did not exist and was unthinkable. The ideal had been destroyed, wrecked forever.

Industrial capitalism did it. Anathema to Gill were the fruits of that disaster, which brought machinery and manufacture, mass production and monopoly, and destroyed property and liberty, responsibility and personality, the home and the bonds of family, agriculture and the rest of the old tokens of vital living.

His last piece of writing was a contribution to a symposium of distinguished opinions urging a stable and sane social order. Point VI, Gill's contribution, was to say that "every man has a natural right to property. But the accumulation of great wealth, as well as the means of producing it, in few hands is contrary to the interests of the community. England is a servile state because responsibility is taken away from its people."



### *That Simple*

When Maurice Baring was in Russia, an atheist went to a Russian village to convert the peasants to atheism. He spoke to a gathering of peasants and, taking a sacred ikon in his hands, he said, "I will spit on this ikon; you will see whether fire comes down from heaven to kill me or not." He then spat on the ikon and said to the peasants, "You see, God hasn't killed me." "No," said the peasants, "but we will," and they did.

*From Talking at Random by D. W. in the London Tablet (22 March '41).*

# The Indian Unlimited

By AQUINAS, T.O.R.

20th Century raised eyebrow dept.

Condensed from the *Call of India*\*

"I had finished my work in Monkeypur," said the burly engineer, during a conversation about the vagaries of Indian railroads, "so I had a coolie carry all my equipment to the railroad station where I would catch the next train for home. I went into the waiting room and ordered my lunch to be brought there. There wasn't a passenger about, save myself, for it was only noon, and my train was due to leave at eight P. M. Consequently, I ate a leisurely meal and then settled myself to while away the long hours with the books I had brought along for that purpose.

"Monkeypur, though a junction, was not much of a place; just a few buildings, all belonging to the railroad. There were the usual Mohammedan and Hindu restaurants at one end of the platform, and I often suspected the same man of being proprietor of both. Just now there wasn't a sign of life in either of them.

"My train was already made up and was sitting on a siding. I decided to get into it with my duffel, and, since I was tired of reading, go to sleep. Shortly after 2 P. M. I was awakened by an obsequious guard who came sidling into my compartment and cleared his throat noisily.

"Well, what has happened?" I asked.

"Nothing, huzoor;" he replied, almost scraping the ground with his turban, 'would huzoor be displeased if the train started before the appointed time?'

"No," I responded, 'huzoor would not be displeased. Huzoor would be happy indeed.' So he bowed himself out and left me to wonder why the fool had asked me such a question at two when the train was due to depart at eight. I climbed out onto the platform and did a quick turn down along the coaches. There wasn't a person in any of the cars! Suddenly the whistle peeped once; I hopped into my compartment as the train lurched to a start with one lone chick of a passenger—me!

"At each station we stopped; not a paying customer in sight. But at each stop we picked up the station crew: stationmaster, telegraph operator, ticket collector and other clerks if any; then we chugged on. After an hour or two the train pulled up at a tiny station, but I kept on reading. I was through trying to figure out the play. I was groggy.

"But this stop turned out to be an indefinite one. An hour passed and we

\*North India Mission Bureau, St. Francis Monastery, Loretto, Pa. April, 1941.



hadn't moved. So I got out on the platform with purpose gleaming in both eyes. Up and down the length of the train, but nary a man, woman, child. From the village across the fields came sounds of music, but all was dead silence at the station. No stationmaster, no engineer, no fireman, no guard. Nobody!

"From the village came a blue-shirted railway employee. He hurried into the station to get some trifle which he had left there and I collared him as he came out.

"What's doing?" I demanded. "Why has the train come here early? Where has everyone gone?"

"'Excellency,' gasped the coolie, 'all the station masters and employees of the line have come here for the fair. Wouldn't Your Excellency go too?'"

"There was the answer! Every man had left his post; the train was started six hours ahead of schedule; half the rules of the railroad had been shattered to atoms—all for the sake of a two-for-a-penny fair. That is India for you."



## Flights of Fancy

Taste makes waist.—*Marquette Flambeau.*

She's all fool and a yard wide.—*John P. Mulgrew.*

Nonchalantly as a chef flips pancakes.—*James Francis Bonnell.*

Her quick wits moved around him warily, like a cat.—*L. A. G. Strong.*

Her high-hatitude is nine-tenths inferiority complex.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy.*

She felt, like Balaam's ass, that it was up to her to say something.—*Hannah Slack.*

Seems to wear the shining robe of his Baptism pulled up round his face like a woman's hood.—*Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J.*

She was very acquiessing.—*Anna McGough.*

Weaving like a lute-crazed cobra.—*Norman T. Bowes, S.J.*

Aired his views—and they certainly needed it.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy.*

Slipping into their seats with the effortless ease of seals.—*Lloyd Douglas.*

Well-bred enough to make his weariness appear impersonal.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

And through her eyes ebbed her heart in slow saddened tears.—*Michael J. O'Leary.*

You cannot drown your sorrows in alcohol; you can only give them swimming lessons.—*Grace Innis.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# Nuns in a Ballroom

By C. J. McNEILL

David's dance

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**Not for** Harriet Delisle and Juliette Gaudin were the Theatre d'Orléans or the Orleans Ballroom—those magnificent halls of pleasure that stood a block down the street behind New Orleans' far-famed Cathedral of St. Louis 100 years ago.

There was no place for them, and they would have desired no place, in the great theater where the most elaborate dramatic spectacles of Creole society were produced. Certainly they had no wish to take part in the *Bals du Cordon Bleu*, those fancy parties which brought white "gentlemen" to the Orleans ballroom to choose their quadroom mistresses.

Both theater and ballroom were integral parts of the life of New Orleans in the 1840's, but the quadroom balls, stylish though wicked, were one of the most vicious influences in a city where immorality ran rife.

No, these were not for Mlle. Delisle and Mlle. Gaudin!

Today, however, the ballroom is the mother house of their spiritual daughters, the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family, and on the site next to it, where stood the Theatre d'Orléans, the Sisterhood founded by the two humble women of a century ago conducts a school for girls.

Where dark-skinned beauties once swayed in the arms of society beaux and the wild music of the dance set the pace for the quadroom balls, colored nuns now move silently about their work, and the peaceful music of worship floats out through shuttered windows. Harriet Delisle and Juliette Gaudin have won out over the pleasure-loving society that made the theater famous and the ballroom infamous. Their victory has been won 100 years after by humble women who have had to fight prejudice and poverty at every stage of the battle.

Harriet Delisle and Juliette Gaudin had long wished to dedicate their lives to God as members of some religious community. They were women of education, culture, ability, and deep devotion, but their Negro blood had denied them entry to the convents where they had applied for admission.

Until the beauteous young Mlle. Marie Jeanne Alicot tumbled into the Mississippi, there seemed little hope that the two colored women would ever become religious. But Mlle. Alicot did fall into the river, and the two women became the foundresses of a religious community that is today one of the leading factors in the growing apostolate of the Negro.

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. June, 1941.

Mlle. Alicot had come from France to visit her sister at the old Ursuline convent in New Orleans. When the boat docked, Mlle. Alicot was so anxious to set foot on shore that she came rushing over the gangplank before it was made fast to the dock, and down she went into the water. The man who pulled her out of the river was a Negro, and Mlle. Alicot, grateful that her life had been saved, decided to devote herself to the welfare of the colored people.

To her went Mlle. Delisle and Mlle. Gaudin with the story of their desire to become Religious. The young Frenchwoman encouraged them, and through her they were able to discuss their wishes with the vicar general of the diocese, who got the bishop's approval for the establishment of the new community.

On Nov. 21, 1842, the two women moved into a small house Mlle. Alicot had provided. It was the nuns' original plan to devote themselves entirely to teaching catechism, but they could not refuse their hospitality to the poor old woman who came to them next day seeking a home. Thus, from the very beginning the Sisters found themselves engaged in a work of charity they have never abandoned: the care of the aged.

For a time the community was without a name, and the Sisters found it hard to agree on one. Finally they took their title from the aid society that had been formed to assist in their work,

and called themselves the Society of the Holy Family.

Harriet Delisle became the first superior and wrote the constitutions of the society. One of the treasured possessions of the Sisters today is a part of the original rule painstakingly set down in the hand of Mother Harriet, who remained at the head of the community until her death in 1862. Then her co-foundress, Mother Juliette, took over.

Before long, the first convent became too small and the Sisters moved to a larger house where they continued their work of teaching and of caring for the aged. In 1843, they opened their first little school for colored children.

By 1867, the community had again outgrown its quarters, and the Sisters moved to the heart of the Old City, the famed French Quarter (*Vieux Carré*) of today. There a larger school was opened, and within a few months the Sisters were asked to take over the New Orleans orphan asylum.

In 1881, the community purchased the building that had in former years housed the quadrone balls. Next to it, on the site of the Theatre d'Orléans, which had burned to the ground in 1866, stood a building that housed a circus. In 1889 fire ravaged the circus, and the shooting flames threatened to envelop the Sisters' orphanage, which stood between their ballroom-mother-house and the blazing building.

As the flames licked at the upper floor of the orphanage, Father Joseph Gerlach, S.J., gathered the Sisters in chapel to pray to St. John Berchmans that their building would be spared. Pray as they might, it looked as if the blaze would spread to the Sisters' property, and firemen came in to save what they could. In the infirmary hung a small old picture of St. John Berchmans. With other pictures hastily torn from the walls, it was tossed down the great ballroom staircase to the marble floor below. After the fire, the Sisters found the saint's picture face down on the floor. On its back was the full footprint of some heavy man who had trod none too lightly among their possessions, but the glass was unbroken and the frame unmarred. The fire had not spread to the Sisters' property.

Today the old picture of St. John Berchmans hangs in an honored place over the altar of St. Joseph in the convent chapel that was built by Thomy Lafon. The Sisters are sure that St. John was watching over them on the day of the fire, and the unbroken picture is to them a sign of the power of prayer. On the property that once served the theater and the circus, stands the grade school department of St. Mary's Academy.

Besides their orphanages and the Lafon Home for the Aged, the Sisters of the Holy Family, who now number more than 200, conduct an academy and four parochial schools in New

Orleans, plus seven other high schools and 21 grade schools scattered from British Honduras to Oklahoma.

Guiding spirit of this vast work is Mother Mary Elizabeth, who will celebrate her golden jubilee as a Religious in 1942, the year of the community's 100th anniversary. Now in her 7th term as superior, Mother Elizabeth is a quiet-spoken, light-skinned woman of great ability and strong character. She speaks with the accents of a high culture combined with deep humility. Of herself, she speaks not at all: she is just a servant of the Lord who tries to be a good mother to her large community.

All the rich old culture of the South, the strong traditions of Catholicism in New Orleans, and the lovable traits of character that mark the Negro as a favored child of God, humility, kindness, and a rich sense of humor, show forth in the Sisters of the Holy Family.

Among them hospitality is a habit bred through generations, and they have preserved the fine old arts of cooking and of coffee brewing that have made Creole dishes famed the world over. Great New Orleans restaurants like *Antoine's* and *Arnaud's* and *La Louisianne* have nothing to offer that cannot be matched or bettered in the kitchens of Holy Family convent. But rich food and famous meals are for guests. The Sisters eat simply and sparingly, though they have their *café au lait* just right.

That ancient nun hanging back from the crowd because she can no longer hear what is being said is Sister Vincent, mistress of the coffee pots. Every morning she is up at two to brew for hours the thick black beverage that starts every Sister on her long day's work. Sister Vincent herself must pour the strong coffee and the steaming milk into your cup, and you can be sure that the proportions in her *café au lait* are never wrong. If you have winced at the bitter brew of some southern restaurants and have sought in vain to find a cup of good old "northern" coffee in the Southland, you should sample Sister Vincent's.

You go from the dining room to wander through the ancient halls and out into the courtyard, where in other days rare wines and cordials were served to patrons of the balls. Today fuzzy-haired, laughing-eyed little girls play in the garden that Sister Gilbert has grown in the courtyard. In a room

just off the patio, Sister Marie Juliette's academy orchestra is doing magic with music. Over in the art room, nimble-fingered pupils are busy with pencil and brush. Somewhere else a small group is practicing for an Easter pageant or a commencement program. Nothing is lacking in the education of these girls who will be the leaders of Catholic life among New Orleans' thousands of Negroes.

The Sisters know their work is important to their people and to the Church. But they are humble women. In a sense, the Sisters of the Holy Family are making reparation for the evil that was done in the old ballroom a century ago. Their self-effacing spirit shows best in the inscription they have placed above the wide stairway that once rustled with the silks and satins of proud women:

"I have chosen rather to be an abject in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the temple with sinners."



### Superficialist

The Honorary Catholic is one who has the Ten Commandments written on his face, but not in his heart; who sings hymns in church and swears at home; subscribes to charities and underpays his workers; quotes the encyclicals and neglects to pay his bills; reads the Missal on Sundays and muck on weekdays; is polite to strangers and not to his wife; talks as if he could run the country or the world, and cannot run his own home.

Canon Jackman quoted in the *Catholic Mind* (8 April '41).

# Science in the Home

By JULIAN PLEASANTS

Pioneering à la 1941

Condensed from *Christian Social Action*\*

**For the past** six months a research group of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, aided by a \$650,000 grant, has been studying the possibilities of lighting and heating by solar energy, not some city skyscraper, but your own little home in the country. They have found that the sunlight falling on an acre of ground in the summer months is equivalent in energy to 250 tons of coal. They estimate that the sunlight falling on the roof of the average house in the middle latitudes is equivalent to about 160 pounds of coal for an average day, an amount more than sufficient to supply all the heat, light and power needs of that average house.

But even more surprising than the fact that these research workers are concerning themselves with a unit as small as a home, is the way in which they have tackled the problem. It occurred to them that if they passed water through pipes in the roof during the summer, and stored it in an insulated tank in the basement, it might heat the house all winter.

The significance of this effort is evident to any one acquainted with the history of scientific research. The industrial revolution has been with us for 150 years, and yet most of our machinery is still so big and clumsy

and complicated that you have to build a factory to contain it and hire thousands of men to run it. The rate of scientific progress has been so slow that there is still about as much chance of bringing machinery to the home as there would be of getting an elephant to weed carrots.

Perhaps we are expecting too much of science. After all, it took 500 years for the town clock (which you had to come to the city to see) to evolve into the pocket watch (which you could take into the country with you). The home-size loom has been at the same stage of development for a century, while its big sister, the factory loom, has been commanding all the attention of the technologists. Technologists can decentralize as well as centralize, if the demand is strong enough. It is only a century since the locomotive was invented, yet we now have independent travel in our own automobiles. The city ice plant has lost considerable ground to the home refrigerator, and may disappear entirely. Innumerable home conveniences like the vacuum cleaner, dish washer, washing machine and sewing machine have been improved and multiplied year by year.

Probably the most significant, if least publicized, progress toward small-

\*9274 Wildemire, Detroit, Mich. March, 1941.



scale machinery for home production, has been the development of home flour mills. Ralph Borsodi\* showed that the farmer who grinds his own wheat in his own electrically driven mill (costing as little as \$9.25) will not only get fresh bread which is really fresh, and whole wheat which is really whole, but will save money besides.

What's more, the same little mill will effect staggering economies in breakfast foods, and will even grind feed for the chickens and the livestock. The reason, of course, why the home mill has it all over the big milling companies, is that when the farmer ships his wheat to Minneapolis, he not only has to pay to have the wheat ground, but he also has to support all the freight agents, trainmen, merchants, middlemen, managers, and investors who interpose themselves for their own benefit between the wheat and the bread.

Even if mass production were more efficient than home production (and there is not the slightest intrinsic reason why it should be) the cost of the distribution which mass production makes necessary intervenes to take all the advantage away. The average American potato as it rests on your table is not going to give you any more energy because it has traveled 741 miles to get to you, although you have to pay for having shipped it so far.

That is why the attitude of the

M.I.T. scientists is so important. It shows that at last the technologists are ceasing to identify efficiency with bigness. It is easy to see how the superstition of mass production arose. Because the first power available was centralized power (the early steam engines) people thought the advantages were due to centralization. Because the first machinery was big machinery, people thought the efficiency was due to the bigness rather than to the machinery.

Because the first machinery was clumsy and non-versatile, requiring division of labor, people thought the advantages came from the division of labor, rather than from the machinery. As a consequence they identified machine production with mass production, so that when the social disadvantages of mass production began to appear, they thought they could be eliminated only by junking the machine, a step they were not willing to take.

But the social disadvantages of mass production are not due to mechanical progress, but rather to lack of such progress. That is why the slightest indication by technologists that they are beginning to distinguish between mass production and efficient production, is cause for rejoicing. It marks the beginning of a realization that home production of food, clothing, heat and power is unscientific only because science has consistently ignored its possibilities.

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March '41, p. 79.

It was the failure of science to make the necessary distinctions that led to the creation of the proletariat. Now at last, science seems to be starting to work for the elimination of the prole-

tariat. When it actually begins to work in that direction, its efforts will probably be more effective in putting people back on the land than all the articles ever written.



## Dodd's Diary

By ROSS HOFFMAN

Dood Dodd!

Condensed from a book review in *Thought*\*

Early in the summer of 1933, President Roosevelt sent William E. Dodd, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, to Berlin as his ambassador. The appointment was made, it seems, because Dodd was a Wilsonian liberal who had gone to a German university and was able to speak the language. "It is a difficult post," Mr. Roosevelt said to him, "and you have cultural approaches that would help. I want an American liberal in Germany as a standing example." Mr. Dodd remained at the post four years, hating it very much and accomplishing nothing in his main business of trying to persuade the Nazi government to release funds due American creditors. But he met a great many people, heard much diplomatic gossip, and kept a diary. Then he came home, recalled apparently at the instigation of Sumner Welles, and not long afterwards he died. His diary,

edited by his children, was published this year by Harcourt, Brace.

This diary of course, like all diaries, tells us more about its author than anything else. Of Mr. Dodd at least we may be sure that it is a faithful mirror. He was a good little man who believed in the old Jeffersonian liberties and, therefore, hated Nazi Berlin, was repelled, indeed, by its every savor. Whereas Sir Neville Henderson could say of Goering that he might be a blackguard but not a dirty blackguard, Mr. Dodd could only say that Goering was fat and cruel and he didn't like him. Mr. Dodd was a simple man who could recognize a simple evil, but there were ever so many things that he could not understand at all. He was tolerant and hopeful as he looked toward Russia; he was completely duped by the Spanish loyalists, and he swallowed the whole gigantic fraud of the Popular Front. He was a pur-

\**Fordham University, New York City. June, 1941.*

itan anticlerical from the Baptist South and therefore typical of many Americans (nowhere more common than on college faculties) who never glimpse the deeper conflicts that go on in our half-paganized modern Christendom. He was the kind of man who thinks vaguely of churches and religion as reactionary. He was fond of reading Schopenhauer and fancied that the 19th-century revolt of German intellectuals from Christianity represented the good old Germany in opposition to the Nazi paganism for which the treason of the intellectuals had opened wide the way. Perhaps nothing gives the measure of the man better than his reflections after attending the central act of worship in our civilization. There was a requiem Mass for Marshal Pilsudski in the Berlin cathedral and many high German dignitaries attended it. Mr. Dodd wrote this:

" . . . candles were burning and priests were chanting in Latin, which no one understood, and occasionally scattering incense, which I think Jesus

never did. It was the medieval ceremony from beginning to end and nobody, save perhaps the priests, understood anything that was said or sung. To me it was half absurd. I do not know much about Pilsudski, except that he was a dictator who put people to death when they opposed him. Why so much religious ceremony when no one could have imagined him to be a Christian? I came away from the cathedral relieved to be free from so much hypocrisy. Since my college days, when I was president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute student Y.M.C.A., I have come slowly to recognize the insincerity of people who call themselves Christians and I have been compelled out of honesty to cease attending church services. If men were Christians there would be no war."

Such was the man commissioned to speak for us and to watch and report on the great revolution of the crooked cross. It is not to be wondered at that there was much he did not comprehend.



When Cardinal Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII, visited the U. S., a United Air Lines Boeing plane was chartered for him and his guests. Shortly before the ship arrived in St. Paul, the cardinal had joked about the paper forks and spoons used on the ship.

That night the pilot, co-pilot and stewardess, during dinner at the Covered Wagon in St. Paul, discussed the paper silverware problem. They decided the thing to do was to help themselves to the Covered Wagon's—which they did. The unsuspecting dignitaries ate with stolen goods the rest of the trip.

On the next stop in St. Paul the crew returned the silverware to the Covered Wagon, and, as far as is known, the manager of the restaurant does not yet know it was borrowed.

*Popular Aviation* (May '40).

# Jews in the Church

By ALBERT REGIMBAL, S.J.

Fruits of charity

Condensed from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*\*

Until the American and French Revolutions, the synagogue was practically a closed society. The yearly conversions between 1800 and 1820 could be counted on one's fingers. But by 1900 as many as 250,000 Jews had abandoned Judaism for various other beliefs. Many had become Protestants, and a small number, mainly Russian Jews, had joined the Orthodox church. Others had gone to other denominations while 58,000 had embraced the Catholic faith. Twentieth-century anti-Semitism has accelerated a new exodus of Israel.

It is impossible to obtain exact and definite figures about the number of Jews who enter the Church, partly because of the increase from day to day, partly because so many converts have to make a secret of their Baptism. But the facts we have stated show the strong attraction the Catholic Church has for the Jew. The result of this appreciation of the Church is that converts from Judaism are generally very active in the work of spreading Catholicism.

When religious uneasiness stirs the Jew, he becomes a passionate seeker after truth. And until he has found a completely satisfying answer to all his doubts, his quest for truth con-

tinues. After finding the precious pearl, he gives up everything to buy it, sacrifices his affections and even his legal rights for his new faith. He becomes a courageous, daring, militant, untiring apostle.

There have been outstanding Jewish converts, priests and laymen, who in the past century have stepped into the front ranks of the Church militant. We must go back as far as 1820, to the city of Strasbourg, to discover one of the first Jewish movements toward Catholicism. M. Bautain, a French layman, was teaching philosophy there. Through the study of ultimate causes, he led his pupils to the first and ultimate Cause, and thence to Catholicism. This Strasbourg school has remained famous for its eminent Jewish converts, such as Jules Lewel, later Bishop Lewel, Isidore Goschler, and Theodore, the better known of the Ratisbonne brothers.

Theodore Ratisbonne is one of the most prominent Jewish converts and churchmen of the 19th century. The struggle for his faith began with his father's opposition to his Baptism. Rather than yield to his father's importunity, he left home for Paris, where he was baptized in 1827. He adopted his new faith with Ignatian zeal. His

\*160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Ont., Canada. June, 1941.

slogan was, "He is not worthy of Jesus Christ who does not prefer Him to everything in the world." While still a student of theology at Paris, he opened, with the help of his Strasbourg confreres, the Providence, a school for the instruction of Jewish neophytes. After his ordination, in 1830, he began his parochial ministry at Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. There he established the first apostleship of prayer for the conversion of Israel, the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires. It was there also that he founded the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers, which today has 2,200 centers and 1½ million members.

The care of the youngsters whom Father Theodore kept and instructed at the Providence soon necessitated additional help. Jewish ladies volunteered their services for this purpose. Before long these generous helpers adopted community life. In 1874 their community was canonically recognized as a congregation. Today the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion, a religious family given to particular work for Israel, has spread through five continents and numbers some 2,000 members.

Father Theodore had said in 1843, "Before putting my hand to the task of forming a congregation, I asked that one Israelite child be brought to me and that I might baptize it with the consent of its parents." Heaven immediately granted his desire. From then on the number of catechumens un-

der his instruction increased rapidly.

Father Ratisbonne, after a life of admirable sanctity, died in January, 1884, in his 82nd year. Four months later, his brother Alphonse-Marie died. For 42 years these two had complemented each other's labors. Father Alphonse was the man of enterprise, of inspiration, while Father Theodore was the man of organization.

Alphonse Ratisbonne's conversion has all the thrill of an adventure novel. At first his attitude was one of bitter opposition to Theodore's new faith. He broke off all relations with his brother for 15 years, from the time of his brother's conversion until his own. A lawyer and already engaged to be married, he visited, in 1842, the old church of Santa Andrea della Fratta in Rome. Sometime before, to rid himself of the importunity of Baron Busieres, an ardent convert from Protestantism, he had agreed to wear a miraculous medal. In the church of Santa Andrea, as Alphonse passed before the altar of St. Michael, "the light of the whole church seemed to have concentrated on that one altar." In the midst of the radiance he saw before him the smiling figure of the Virgin Mary just as she looked on his miraculous medal. In tears Alphonse fell to his knees.

By a special privilege he was admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1850. Ten years later he left the Society for the Congregation of Notre Dame de

Sion, where it was believed he would do greater good. On his departure from the Society his only reflection was, "I never thought I could love my people so much as to leave the Jesuit Order for them."

Two other extremely active Jewish converts of the 19th century were the twins Joseph and Augustin Lémann. A servant of their guardian secretly instructed them in the faith. This brought them many sufferings from privation and scourges, scourges which left Augustin scarred for life. Conditions proved so unbearable that they took refuge with Catholic friends. Together they taught at Father Ratisbonne's Providence, published replies to anti-Semitic literature, especially to the fanatical charges of Drumont. At 71, Augustin was still a valiant controversialist, now combating modernism against the heretic Loisy. In 1869, he and Joseph were commissioned by Pope Pius IX to present the cause of Israel before the Vatican council. After much opposition they succeeded in persuading the 535 bishops of the council to favor the organization of mission work for the conversion of Israel. Augustin died in 1909, Joseph in 1915.

Best known perhaps of the Jews who have turned to Christ in the past century is Venerable Paul Libermann, an author familiar to all Religious. Paul's father was a severely orthodox Jew who relentlessly opposed his son's conversion. Paul himself, during his youth,

had a deep hatred of Catholics and a strong aversion to his converted brother. But thanks to the direction of M. Drach, a Jewish convert, Paul's contempt for Catholics gradually disappeared, leaving the ground clear for grace. At last he yielded to the truth. And like the Ratisbannes and the Lémanns he would not be selfish in sharing his riches; he would embrace the priesthood; he would become actively engaged in the work of the apostolate. But on the eve of his ordination, he had a nervous attack which kept him in seclusion for five long years. During this trial, he determined, if he should recover his health, to go back to the seminary of St. Sulpice "as the servant of the servants of our Lord." He was there in 1836 when a dreadful plague broke out in Paris which gave full scope to his unlimited zeal. Paul's complete recovery, his virtue and intelligence moved the authorities of the seminary to admit him to Orders. In 1841 he celebrated his first Mass. In his zeal for souls, the new priest founded the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for missionary work among the Negroes.

Best known in America is David Goldstein, who left Judaism for militant communism and communism for militant Catholicism. Even before entering the Church, Goldstein founded a school for political economy at Boston. The sincerity with which he



searched for a solution to the social problems of his country led him to recognize the Church as the only defender of truth and liberty. Every year this modern Paul of Tarsus travels from New York to California, "campaigning for Christ." Besides frequent addresses, Mr. Goldstein writes continuously in periodicals and newspapers.

Goldstein is the prototype of Jewish converts active in many countries today. Among the others we may mention René Schwop, noted French writer, and Leon Paul, American, founder of Brooklyn's Catholic Center for Jews. Rose Marie Levy, author of *Why Jews Become Catholics*, *Judaism and Catholicism*, and the history of her own conversion, *Heavenly Road*, is also an ardent apostle. The Catholic Lay Apostle Guild, of which she is president, holds public meetings in the streets of New York where questions about Catholic truths and practices are answered. The list of Jewish lay apostles might be extended indefinitely.

The Jews will be converted only by charity. Hilaire Belloc presents in his book, *The Jews*, no other solution to the Jewish problem. He calls for "recognition and respect." Sympathy for the Jews, "the racial brothers of our Lord," is a primary obligation of all Catholics who, first among Christians, must love their neighbors as themselves. The contrary to sympathy is anti-Semitism, "which is," said Pope

Pius XI, "incompatible with the sublime reality of the words of the Mass, *sacrificium patriarchae nostri Abrahamae*," words which proclaim our spiritual descent from Abraham. "Spiritually," said the Pope, "we are Semites."

Catholicism remains the fundamental and ultimate answer to the Jewish question. The Church has always realized this. Always has she hoped and prayed for the conversion of the once beloved people of God. On Good Friday she prays "that our God and Lord would withdraw the veil from their hearts: that they also may acknowledge our Lord Jesus Christ." Circumstances, it is true, have always conditioned her zeal for a cause which requires so much discretion. But in the last 100 years, aware of the special natural and supernatural interest shown toward the Jews, the late pontiff, Pius XI, acknowledged by the Jews themselves as "the greatest friend of Israel," went so far as to condemn in a special decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office and in the encyclical, *Mit brennender Sorge*, all actions taken against the Jews. It was the same pontiff who added to the existing formula of the Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus the words: "Turn Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race, once Thy chosen people. Of old they called down upon themselves the blood of the Saviour; may it now descend on them, a laver of redemption and of life."

# Maestro Arturo Toscanini

By DORAN FOX

Scores without score

Condensed from the *Queen's Work*\*

**He's a little** man. When he stands on the podium in Radio City for his famous broadcasts, the audience must crane to see him. His little finger is slightly crooked as he calls the orchestra to attention. His gray hair is high lighted by the lamp over the concertmaster's score. Of course no score is ever before him. His hands cut the air for the opening notes, and genius is at work.

Most music audiences know with affection much about Arturo Toscanini. They know that he conducts entirely from memory, partly by reason of his incredible musical memory, partly because of his wretched eyesight. They know that he works so hard and feels so intensely that he must change his perspiration-soaked clothes during intermission. They know that he demands perfection of his musicians—nothing less will satisfy him. They know that he has temperament without temper; that if he is dramatic, it is because the music that he pulls out of his orchestra is dramatic. He is too great to pose; too much in love with the music he recreates to subordinate it to his caprices.

Arturo Toscanini was born in Parma, Italy, on March 25, 1867. His father, Claudio, was a tailor, an en-

thusiastic patriot, and a devout Catholic. His mother was Paola Montani, utterly devoted to her children and deeply beloved by them. As if to defy precedents, none of Arturo's ancestors was a musician, and none of his children has inherited his talent.

Arturo Toscanini started to learn the cello at the Conservatoire. Tradition tells us that he did little enough with his cello; instead he would sit at the piano and drum out excerpts from the classics for the entertainment of his classmates. Prophetically, they called him *Genio*, a name that made him furious and still does.

In the Conservatoire he started composition. There are three cherished orchestral scores of his in the library today. After graduation, he became a transient cellist with local orchestras. Then, like many another young Italian musician, he sailed for South America to get a position in the orchestra at São Paulo, Brazil.

The members of that orchestra had no great opinion of their conductor, a fellow named Miquez. When he left, Superti, his assistant, took over, and brought the opera troupe to discriminating Rio. The opening performance there was *Aida*. When the overture began, the house went into an

\*3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. June, 1941.

uproar. The conductor, the audience decided, was terrible. And being good Latins, they told him so in unmistakable boos and hisses and shouts. Superti fled. The chorusmaster then took up the baton, but pandemonium continued. No one knew what to do; no one, that is, except the members of the orchestra.

From his place in the cello section a youngster of 19 was forced up onto the stand. He lifted his hands and history was in the making. From the first sweep of the great music, the audience was struck dumb. A whisper spread among them; this kid conductor had closed the score and was standing on it to increase his height. Up went the curtain, and the elaborate opera unfolded. At the end of the first act the singers took their bows, but the audience wanted someone else. They repeatedly called for the youngster who had saved the evening. And their enthusiasm was repeated after the final curtain.

Arturo Toscanini finished the season as first conductor of the Brazilian opera. During that season he conducted from memory 18 operas, including *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *The Hugenots*, *La Gioconda*, *Faust*, *La Favorita*.

Once, legend declares, a worried double-bass player came to him during a brief intermission. "My E string is broken, maestro. I haven't another. What in the world shall I do?" Tos-

canini waved him to silence. "Quite all right," he replied. "I recall your part; you will not need that E string any more this evening." And he was right.

Success in South America brought the young thoroughbred an invitation to return to Italy. In 1886 he was launched in the great musical center in Turin, from which he led his opera company on a triumphant tour of Italy. As he was not even 21 years old, his countrymen, long accustomed to the best of music, greeted him with skeptical watchfulness. But when he conducted Bizet's *Carmen*, the press glowed, the audiences raved.

There was just one fault in him. He refused to encore anything. When, a short time after his return to Italy, he conducted in Palermo, the Mafia turned out. These famous blackhanders knew how to handle conductors. When they wanted an encore, they got it. This youngster would be taught how to behave. Toscanini began. The opera swept along. The audience hailed one of its favorite melodies with cries of "Again!" The young fellow in the orchestra pit disregarded them utterly. Then the Mafia began to boo him. They shouted for the encore. Stiletos appeared. But Toscanini had his principle, and no threats moved him.

Suddenly the local leader of the Mafia took a hand. He admired the spunky young fellow who defied them

all. He leaped down the aisle to the conductor's side. "Continue," he said. And Toscanini went ahead while the blackhanders fell back in silence.

La Scala under Toscanini's direction became the most famous opera house in the world. There he added all the great German operas to his Italian repertory. Again he toured South America. Then on Nov. 6, 1908, he made his debut at the Metropolitan in New York.

Besides his immediate family—he married Madame Toscanini many years ago in a little church in Italy—Toscanini has a wide circle of relatives and friends. His son, Walter, is connected with RCA. One of his daughters married the great pianist, Vladimir Horowitz. His grandson,

Walfredo, is the apple of his eye. With good American taste coupled with an inherited love of Italy, the maestro roots for Lou Ambers in the Garden, Georgetti in the bicycle races, and Joe DiMaggio in the Yankee Stadium.

Of an evening Toscanini listens to the radio or goes to a concert. Though he reads widely in English and Italian, he likes best to curl up with a good musical score. Having read the score three times, though he may never have heard a note of it played on any instrument, he is ready and able to conduct it.

On the podium one of the world's great geniuses, Arturo Toscanini is in private life one of the most modest men who ever trod the globe, a fine gentleman, and a real Christian.



The promoters of cremation would have us believe that we should not only earn our bread but that we should also "urn" our ashes.

Maurice Reardon.



When Lord Balfour made his famous visit to this country, he stayed at a well-known hostelry in Washington, D. C. The dining-room waiters were all colored men. On the first evening, not being familiar with the menu, he pushed away the card, laid a 50c piece before the waiter, and said, "Just bring me a good dinner."

The waiter brought an excellent dinner which the statesman enjoyed. For a fortnight the famous visitor continued the same practice. When he left to return to England, he thanked the waiter for his good service.

"Dat's all right, sah; an' good-bye an' good luck. An' when yoh or any of yoh friends come heah what cain't read, jes' ax foh Calhoun Clay."

*Our Young People (April '41).*

# The Burma Road

By PATRICK USHER

Condensed from the *Far East*\*

Peace was its first traveler

A mere glance at a map will show that the port of Rangoon in Burma is nearer Europe by a couple of thousand miles than Shanghai, China, is. Also, Rangoon is much nearer to Yunnan, the huge western province of China, than is Shanghai, or any port of the east China coast. The imports and exports of Yunnan should naturally pass through Rangoon. There have been, however, several difficulties. Yunnan, the farthest province from the seat of central government in China, was comparatively undeveloped and its trade without much value. Then there was the great barrier of mountains which separates Burma from China, as well as from every other neighboring country, east, west and north. Burma is simply the long plain of the Irrawaddy river with a horseshoe of mountains around it. To drive a road or railway through these hills was a job of great engineering difficulty, and who was to do it? Finally, the French built a railway up through Indo-China, from its port of Haiphong, to the southeast corner of Yunnan. The eastern half of Yunnan being more directly under Chinese government control, an extension of this railway was built into the heart of the province and this tapped the bulk of the trade that might have

passed down through Burma to Rangoon.

The history of the Sino-Japanese war is known to all. First, the Japanese overran the eastern provinces of China and gained possession of all the eastern ports, thus cutting off the ordinary routes of supply for Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's army. As the Chinese fell back, it became obvious that the extension of the Indo-China railway was also in danger of being cut, and so another supply line had to be opened. By truly herculean efforts a host of Yunnanese coolies in about six months drove a motor road through the mountains to the Burmese border. This Burma Road became of immense importance, which accounts for the amount of space it has been given in the daily papers.

The Burma Road is only a branch joining an existing road from Lashio to Bhamo, though which is the branch and which the main may be disputed. Before the way into China was thought of as a practical proposition, the Lashio-Bhamo road existed. In the rainy season, one could have wished it better, but there it was in clear outline, running in a more or less motorable state for more than 300 miles in a northerly direction. It is well maintained and before many years it may be traveled

\**St. Columbans, Neb. June, 1941.*

by motorbus in all kinds of weather.

There were roads in Burma before the Burma Road. A fine railway runs up through the middle of the country for nearly 800 miles from Rangoon to Myitkyina. Travelers, coming to the town, transfer to an Irrawaddy Flotilla steamboat and pass through the lovely cut in the hills known as the Second Defile, a glorious piece of scenery when the evening sun is coloring the broad waters of the river.

Oldest of all the Burma roads is the Irrawaddy river itself, navigable for 1,000 miles from Rangoon to Bhamo. This is the road of history, the road by which kings traveled in state to visit their domains, or in the panoply of war to attack their enemies; the road by which British traders first came and by which, later on, the kingdom of Mandalay was brought under the British crown without a blow being struck. It is still in use and always will be. The famous teak logs of Burma, lashed together into rafts, enter the river from its many tributaries and float down, without expense, to the sawmills at the port. It carries up and down all cargo which is not in a hurry. For the traveler it makes possible the most restful of all journeys, with no bustle, no junctions to change at, no waves or storms or other risks of the sea. God made it to suit the lovely, easygoing country.

There were ways into China, and trade with China, before the Burma

Road, and indeed from time immemorial. Bhamo saw a great part of the traffic. The town is more than half Chinese. Three principal mule routes lead into it across the hills. Any day on the roads, one may meet caravans of perhaps 50 or 100 mules. They bring in varied merchandise: silks, raw cotton, fowls, eggs, Chinese foods.

Old documents show that the Dutch and English were interested in this trade through Bhamo more than 300 years ago. They were interested in it because it was already in existence; it had existed, probably for thousands of years before, over these very same routes, for the way naturally followed the easier gaps of the hills. Burma roads are not of today or yesterday. Nor is this the first time that they have caused international bad feeling. In the 1760's, a war was fought between the Burmese and Chinese because of taxes and disabilities imposed on the Bhamo Chinese merchants. The peace signed at Bhamo in 1769 provided that the "gold and silver road" between the two countries should be reopened.

Not only were these roads responsible for wars but also for the first interest of the Paris Foreign Mission Society in the Bhamo district and consequently for the start of the Catholic mission here.

The French Fathers had missions in Yunnan and the other western provinces of China. The traditional approach to them was from the eastern



ports. After landing, there remained a difficult and perilous journey of at least two months. Sometimes the missionaries arrived; sometimes they just didn't turn up and nothing more was ever heard of them. Once some of the priests, with a following of catechists and baggage carriers, tried to come back from China via Burma, but they were attacked in the mountains by wild Kachin robbers, who killed 14 of them and drove back the rest.

Still it appeared to the authorities at Paris that there must be a comparatively safe way into Yunnan through Bhamo and they made periodic attempts to find it. Thus, at the time of Colonel Sladen's expedition to explore the route in 1868, he met two French Fathers making their way into these Kachin mountains, and he suspected them mightily of being agents of their home government bent on colonial ex-

pansion! Other priests came to settle here and by degrees the mission was founded which is now Bhamo prefecture.

Daily the pack-mule caravans still come, as they have come for centuries, each mule with its two baskets, one on each side, with a total load of nearly 200 lbs. The old routes remain, as to surface, much as they were, but the people along them are very much changed for the better. Where formerly there were lurking places of wild-robber tribes, there are now chapels, mission stations and schools, where the innocent children of a peaceful people come for instruction. Though not more than a fraction of them have as yet embraced Christianity, its spirit has worked to some extent through them all, and all may soon forsake their spirit worship, which is obviously dying out.



### *Golden Coolidge*

Fanny Kemble, spending a summer in the country in Massachusetts, had engaged a neighboring farmer to drive her about. Being of a loquacious turn, the farmer, upon their first drive, immediately launched into a discussion of the crops, country, and people.

"Sir," said the imperious actress, "I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer stopped talking at once and never again attempted to reopen the conversation.

At the end of the season he silently presented his bill. Miss Kemble studied it with a puzzled air. "What is this item, sir?" she demanded, pointing to an illegible scrawl. "I cannot understand it."

"Sass, \$5. I don't often take it, but when I do, I charge," was the farmer's laconic reply.

Erna S. Hallock in *Coronet* (May '41).

# Oberammergau, 1934

By WULSTAN PHILLIPSON, O.S.B.

Bavarians before Hitler

Condensed from the *Downside Review*\*

**Herr Hitler** was up for election as chancellor of the Reich: his portrait was exposed for veneration in every window in every town we passed through, and the swastika flew from every flagstaff; there was no other candidate for election, and the photographs and the flag waving were the result of an order from the chancellor-elect. We were going to the 3rd centenary performance of the Passion Play, and when we took one of the charabanc drives, arranged for us by Messrs. Cook, we drove behind crossed Union Jack and Nazi swastika flags: the Bavarian peasants grinned broadly at the combination, and so did we.

I had wanted to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau from my earliest childhood. Now I had been ordained a priest, and my first holiday abroad was to be the fulfillment of my old ambition. An old and trusted Cambridge undergraduate friend accompanied me and "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" was the tone of our pilgrimage from first to last.

The crossing was calm from Dover to Ostend and Peter was amused at my remarking that it was rather exciting to be setting foot upon the mainland of Europe for the first time. On

the train, I was quite interested when we were awakened by the customs officials who searched our baggage at Herbesthal, but Peter did not share my enthusiasm for these nocturnal rites. Two schoolmistresses from Yorkshire mistook me for an Anglican parson and exchanged gossip and magazines with me, with the result that Peter severed diplomatic relations by retiring, now into *The Times*, now into sleep, real or pretended. The scenery from Munich to Oberammergau was superb: woods of thick spruce and larch, with glimpses of rivers and lakes here and there, and snow-capped mountains in the distance.

At the station in Oberammergau we were met by boys and youths with long curly hair which reached to their shoulders: they were quite lacking in self-consciousness as they collected our luggage. All wore brightly colored shirts and the picturesque Bavarian short leather breeches. Our satisfaction was great when we found ourselves billeted in the house of Judas, a fascinating timbered building, with quaint mural paintings of religious subjects on the wall facing the street, situated at the edge of the village. The house was spotlessly clean and our hostess made us really welcome, but we wandered

\*Downside Abbey, Stratton-on-the-Fosse nr. Bath, England. April, 1941.

off in the evening to explore the village. We stopped at an inn whence the strains of an accordion and a mandolin playing Strauss-like music, and the appetizing smell of food, attracted our attention. The menu was a closed book to us, but Peter knew the German for potatoes and beer, and I rightly guessed that *blau karpfe* meant blue carp; so we ordered one blue carp, many potatoes and large mugs of Munich beer, with much mirth and curiosity. All was well.

We slept like logs in our enormous feather beds. Great was my joy next morning when my server turned up in the sacristy with long hair and a bright green cassock with a cape of the same color. The private Masses were many, all had large congregations, and at the high Mass at 6 o'clock, at which all the Passion Players received Holy Communion, the church was quite full. The simple reverence of the villagers contrasted oddly with the rude curiosity of many of the tourists.

We set out for the play immediately after breakfast. The theater, built in 1930, is of concrete. The stage is in the open, having an inner stage within a templelike edifice at the back, and flanked by flights of steps surmounted by exits between classical columns. In the background are the snow-capped mountains of the Bavarian Alps, dotted with spruce. A bright sun in a cloudless blue sky provided the lighting. The prologue, Anton Lang, a former

Christus, bade us welcome. Standing crescentwise across the mighty stage, the opening chorus of 47 men and women in gray cloaks and white albs was a most impressive sight.

The Passion Play is performed on all Sundays and holydays of obligation from the beginning of May until the end of September. It lasts for seven hours and more than 1,000 people, all from the village of Oberammergau, take part. The parish priest of Oberammergau presides over the committee which elects the villagers chosen for the various parts, and we were pleased to learn that the villager chosen to play the part of Judas was invariably one of the most respected members of the community.

Alois Lang, the Christus of 1934, was a wood carver aged 43. Tall, brown-eyed, black-bearded and long-haired, his presence dominated the stage however vast the throng among which he moved: his voice, raised now in agony at Gethsemane, now in supplication at Calvary, was clear, sweet in tone and perfectly modulated. His performance in the part has been considered austere and cold compared with that of his kinsman, Anton Lang, but the majesty of the Christus was brought out admirably by his restraint. In the Supper Room, and in the scenes with Anna Rutz as our Lady, there was nothing lacking of tenderness and humanity.

Anna Rutz received her education

at a convent in the Rhine valley. She spent a year as governess in an English family after having played the same part in the 1930 performance. Tradition demands that the woman chosen to play the part of the Mother of Christ should be unmarried, and the natural grace and simple beauty of this woman of 28 made her a fitting choice for her exacting role. Never can I forget the anguish of the meeting of Christ and His Mother on the dolorous way, and the beauty of Anna Rutz's voice crying out, "Ach Gott! Es ist mein Sohn! Mein Jesus ist es."

Complete lack of pose and economy of gesture made the beholder feel the players were living rather than acting their parts. Judas in the Field of Blood, Pilate in the *Ecce Homo* scene, Peter in his denials: all showed that lack of exaggeration, that freedom from the striking of attitudes and overemphasis of gesture which are the certain marks of great acting.

The play is divided into three sections and 24 tableaux, the latter mainly scenes from the Old Testament. The players always say the Pater Noster behind the stage before the opening tableau, *The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise*. This is followed immediately by a second tableau, *The Veneration of the Cross*, in which the villagers and children in 17th-century costume stand motionless around the cross for two or three minutes while the choir sings the *Ecce Lignum*

*Crucis*. The grouping in these tableaux is magnificent and the colors of the costumes add much to the effect.

The great opening scene of the main play is the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The joy and enthusiasm of the Hebrew children with their branches of palm and olives are well conveyed by our long-haired friends who met us at the station: the stage management and grace of movement of the crowd of 500 people is thrilling in its perfection: the *Hosannas* have all the faith and enthusiasm of crowds at Jerusalem and at Lourdes. The greatest drama of all time moves forward, interrupted now by the tableau of Joseph betrayed by his brethren, now by the miracle of the manna in the desert. The vast Pentecostal audience is gripped by the reverence, faith and understanding of these simple Bavarian peasants. The presentation of the story of the Man of Sorrows is the fruit, not of rehearsal nor artistry, but of living convictions.

The most dramatic part in the play after the Christus is that of Judas, played by Hans Zwink, a tall and well-built man, with black bushy beard and a thick crop of long curly hair. His portrayal of the greed and avarice of Judas, followed by his remorse and despair, remains one of the most vivid memories of the play. One sees him, in his orange tunic and black cloak, despairing and forsaken with his 30 pieces of silver in the Field of Blood.

The setting of Leonardo da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper is reproduced in the Passion Play. The acting of the Christus and of Hubert Mayr as St. Peter in this scene stands out clearly in the memory after a lapse of seven years. The only jarring note in the whole play was the appearance of a Wagnerian angel of the agony; but the beautiful scene of the betrayal followed immediately with its memorable words, "Whom seek ye?" and "Friend, whereto art thou come?" and the angel was soon forgotten.

The second part of the play has climax after climax until the consummation at Calvary. The acting of the aged Hans Mayr as Herod and of Hugo Rutz and Anton Lechner as Caiphas and Annas added much to the reality of the trial and Sanhedrin scenes, but the most perfect acting apart from that of the Christus was again that of Hans Zwink in the scene of the final despair and death of Judas.

The words of Christ from the cross must take on a new significance for those who have heard them at Oberammergau. The scene of the crucifixion lasts for half an hour, and the Christus spends 20 minutes suspended on the cross in a position of extreme discomfort. There follow the moving scenes of the taking down from the cross, the *Pietà* and the burial of our Lord. The acting of Klara Mayr as Mary Magdalen in the resurrection scene

was outstanding, and the full dramatic power of the Master's "Mary" and her answering "Rabboni" were perfectly conveyed. The wonderful tableau of *The Ascension* closes with a triumphant alleluia canticle of praise; the epilogue takes his leave; the audience moves quietly and reverently out of the vast theater; the Passion Play is over.

We left Oberammergau next morning for Munich where we spent a happy day seeing the cathedral and the Old Picture Gallery.

Cologne was our last halting place. Peter did not share my enthusiasm for the shrine of the three Magi at Cologne, but, although he had had his fill of church visiting, he admitted the beauty of the cathedral and its 14th-century stone carving. We got back to Victoria on Aug. 27 after a nine days' tour.

An American millionaire once said that he owed everything in this world and in the next to the Passion Play at Oberammergau: it unveiled the meaning of religion to him and made the Bible a living reality. Four hundred thousand people saw the play in 1934. For one of these at least it was the realization of his greatest expectation, the deepening of his understanding and the increase of his confidence in the mutual charity of God and man. He is grateful to the villagers of Oberammergau.

# Gag Rules

By JOHN THORNBURG

Tale of waggery

Condensed from the *New Era*\*

As a nation we are faced by a new menace. It comes in a form of aerial attack, widespread as Nazi bombings, timed in the same relentless waves, loaded with as many deadly eggs. Making it more dangerous is the fact that even as it blasts away at our social foundations and rocks our very national structure, it is seldom recognized as a menace. We speak of the radio gag, the studio sally, the wisecrack of the air waves.

Daily the danger becomes more acute. A short time ago we were a hardy race, schooled in the stern but simple virtues of our Puritan forebears. But now? We are under the insidious influence of the radio gag, rapidly becoming a nation of Hopes and Brendas, Burnses and Allens, McCarthys and McGees, Bennys and Rochesters. The mania is on; all we want to do is wisecrack. Our greatest ambition is to beat the other fellow to the pun.

Make a simple remark, such as the observation that it's getting cloudy, and someone's sure to come back, quick as a flash, with "'Tain't sunny, McGeel!" Everyone is feverishly searching for the chance to be gag-gag. Ask a man if he's a veterinary and he'll say, "Sure, you sick?" Inquire of a surgeon,

"How's business?" and he'll shake his head and gloomily complain, "Too much cutthroat competition."

This corroding philosophy is creeping into the very highest and most solemn departments of our nation. A Los Angeles judge recently inquired of a prisoner who was brought before him on a charge of fortune telling, "So you can look into the future? Can you tell me what you'll be doing next year?"

"No, I can't, Your Honor," admitted the prisoner.

"Well, I can," cracked the judge. "You'll be doing time in San Quentin."

Even at the point of death, when the mind should be composing itself, it's usually engaged, instead, in concocting a typical radio gag to spring at the proper dramatic moment. A condemned prisoner being led out to be hanged noticed that the gallows were pretty rickety and paused on the first of the fatal 13 steps to inquire, "Are you sure this thing is safe?"

What will happen to a people whose chief interest in life is given over, not to the serious business of making women's hats or swallowing goldfish, but to the manufacturing of derisive retorts and the perpetual swapping of insults?

\*U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kans. June, 1941.



"A nation deriding against itself," it has been said, "cannot stand."

Is the gag a masterpiece of Hitlerian strategy? No more successful method of boring (from within or without) could have been devised. Does he expect to weaken us with it, then claim an easy victory? It happened before. Before the battle of Waterloo there was the "sound of ribaldry by night."

Is there no defense, no way to save ourselves? Possibly, but it can be done only by treating wisecracking as a disease, like measles or mumps.

The person who is susceptible to the malady is laboring under a misapprehension. He imagines that because a loud burst of studio laughter follows each gag of Hope or Brenda that the gag is funny. Secretly wistful of a little popularity for himself, he copies their style, and shyly essays a couple of puns on his trusting friends. Then comes the period of bitter disillusionment. His friends don't laugh. Even when he gets off the same gag that Gracie did, they don't laugh. Furthermore, they cease to be his friends. A leper among men, he fastens himself like a stray dog to each unsuspecting stranger, ready to pounce on the least bit of casual talk and twist it into insane shapes. The greatest tragedy of his life is when he gets off a good one and nobody is listening. He broods about it for days.

For the chronic gagster there is little to be done. If ostracism doesn't work,

about the only thing to do is to humor him. Humor him as viciously as the mayor of an eastern city recently humored a crackwit toastmaster. The toastmaster, introducing the mayor after a banquet, said, "Mayor Jones is an unusual man. Put a dinner into his mouth and out comes a speech."

The mayor bowed and said, "Mr. Smith is also unusual. Put a speech into his mouth and out comes your dinner."

As a nation we are doomed. The only real hope is that the government will step in and set up an FGC (Federal Gag Control). The Farm Administration keeps down surplus commodities by having farmers plow under part of their crops. Couldn't the same scheme be applied successfully to the current crop of radio gags?

Perhaps sterner measures are needed. Hitler knows enough to keep P. G. Wodehouse in a concentration camp. Could not the president declare another state of emergency and promulgate the following gag rules?

1. Radio comedians to be licensed and examined (by a psychiatrist) regularly.

2. "Laugh" signs for studio audience prohibited.

3. Outlaw Baby Snooks, and make it a criminal offense for anyone to use the phrase, "That's pretty good, Johnny, but 'tain't the way I heered it."

4. Short (20-year) sentences for the worst offender.

The danger inherent in WPA jokes was seen, and prompt action was taken to outlaw them. The same should be done to curb radio jests; now, before it is too late.

When in the year 3000, future generations open the steel cylinder which was buried at the New York World's Fair, they will be at a loss to under-

stand how a nation, so powerful and scientifically advanced as ours, could come to such a sudden and complete end. For centuries, historians will puzzle and conjecture, but never will they hit upon the true explanation of our downfall, for the collection of Americana that was buried for them contained, it seems, no radio gags.



A leaf came into my room, hidden in the folds of the cloak of a friend. She did not know it. I did not know it until after she was gone. I found it on the floor when searching for something I had lost. Joyously, I picked it up and pressed it against my face. It was tender to my touch, dainty and fragrant, like the face of my friend when she came in from the rain. I loved the leaf because I knew it was beautiful. I love my friend because she, too, is beautiful, in body, and spirit, and loyalty to me.

I wondered exactly how the leaf looked. Perhaps it was red, perhaps golden brown, perhaps orange or yellow; yet I did not want to ask any one. I wanted to imagine it as I remember all leaves in the fall of the year. I felt its veins. It was my leaf. All day long it had been swirled about with millions of others outside, and then it had come in to me in this odd fashion. Little wonder I wanted to laugh and cry and kiss my little leaf there alone in the darkness.

Five years ago a leaf of darkness came into my life. I became blind. I could have called it the black leaf of suffering. I hope I did not. I am afraid I did sometimes call it the gray leaf of despair. But I know now it was none of these. It came just at the time I had witnessed once again the golden glories through which the warm green of summer changed to the pure white of winter. God made it so. Now I know that lives are lived that way. Souls shine best through budding springtimes, warming summers, golden harvests and white purification of winter.

Earthly seasons can never be halted. Why should we seek to change the seasons of the soul? Earthly leaves are always beautiful. The leaves of life should ever be shining signals of the soul. God breathes through trees. I was crying for the touch of a tree. A little leaf came into my room and made me remember. Now God be praised for the leaves of my life.

Vera Esther Grate in *Light* (June '41).

# South America: Land of Promise

If we keep *our* promises

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Condensed from the *Sign*\*

**It was** the Swedish convert, Johannes Jorgenson, who remarked, "A family that works together is invincible."

This maxim applies with special force to the 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere. United they can resist any aggressor; divided they invite conquest. A hemisphere that works together is unconquerable.

The chief resource of South America is a love of liberty, religious and civil. Closely allied to this ideal is the spirit of the pioneer. The courage of the conquistador survives. The vision of the frontiersman, though dimmed, has not been obliterated. The Americas are still young continents. Their populations have no intention of verifying the brilliant criticism of a European university graduate, who quipped, "There is this that is unique about America: she is passing from the stage of adolescence to that of decadence—without the intervening period of civilization!"

The people of South, Central and North America would infinitely prefer to establish the validity of the statement of Sir George Sansom, who wrote, "The truth seems to be that what we in our countries call a democratic outlook is organically related to Christianity."

Another resource of the New World is its remoteness. The Atlantic and Pacific, although straitened by strato-liners and wireless, remain oceans. Their vast waters never looked more friendly and providential. A wise utilization of the advantages afforded by "the shield of the seven seas" can contribute richly to hemisphere defense.

A third potentiality of South America, its mineral wealth, is virtually untapped. Although deposits of iron and coal are scarce, except in Chile and Brazil, copper, lead, zinc, bismuth, wolfram, silver, petroleum, platinum, and nitrates are found in relative abundance. The tin of Bolivia is famous, while new mines of tungsten and other minerals are constantly being explored in that country.

The fourth resource of South America is food. To us in the U. S. that may not loom up as an impressive asset. In the eyes of starving millions in Europe and Asia, however, wheat, corn, beef, fruit, coffee, cocoa, sugar, rice and butter are highly desirable commodities. There are districts within easy striking distance of Rio de Janeiro, where the citrus products, oranges and grapefruit, are so plentiful that the fruit-laden branches of 100,000 trees have to be propped up.

\**Union City, N. J. June, 1941.*

However, this scene in the regions of abundant rainfall has to be balanced by the fierce, famished landscape of the Andean republics. Lungs and heart and kidneys work overtime in the bodies of the shepherds and miners of the wind-swept sierras. Mountains run like a hard, thick, bony core from the Republic of Panama to the tip of Tierra del Fuego. Only the strong persevere at work in the plateau country. This is important because South America is primarily an agricultural and grazing continent. It is estimated that more than 70% of the population is almost entirely dependent on some form of farming for a livelihood.

An equitable distribution of land resources, however, is the basic economic problem. From this root cause of a defective, feudal land tenure stem political unrest, social evils, military cliques contending for temporary control of the budget, occasional revolts, and the threat of foreign, totalitarian propaganda. A sound solution of the land question would put the quietus on enemies at home and abroad; nothing would more surely and solidly produce a rampart of spirit and steel against the Stalinazis, fifth columnists, and Trojan horses. With soil and subsoil rights fairly adjusted, with a view to the well-being of the masses of the people, South America would be an impregnable fortress.

What is the system of landholding south of the Isthmus of Panama?

During the colonial days, grants of land, known as *encomiendas*, were made to military captains and other personages with political backing. Theoretically, these estates, after the lapse of a definite number of years, were to revert to the crown. In reality, the land was never relinquished either to king or viceroy; it became the heritage of the families whose ancestors originally attracted the royal favor. Often, the peons who worked the land were regarded as part of the patrimony. The whole problem was complicated by absentee landlordism. Legislation designed to protect agricultural laborers was more honored in the breach than in the observance. Under these conditions, the peon or farmer often led the life of a bond servant or serf.

In Brazil, land colonization was originally promoted by the public authorities. The settlement of land in the temperate zone of Santa Catharina, Paraná, Rio Grande do Sul, and São Paulo was encouraged and organized by the government. European immigrants were attracted by offers of free land. This explains the huge influx of Germans and Italians into states which are now recognized as the most influential in Brazil, if not in all South America. Due to the vast distances and the circumstances of mass migration, which favored the maintenance as well as the isolation of national groups, the colonists constituted racial islands, retaining their native characteristics,

language, and customs, in south and central Brazil. Swiss, Russians and Swedes shared in this company colonization plan.

Until recently, the Germans supported their own schools, where the speech and literature of the old country took precedence over Portuguese. This custom was abolished by the government of Pres. Getulio Vargas. Brazil is still eager to accept farm immigrants. The vast majority of applications at the moment, however, stream in from Lisbon and Havana, where refugees, desiring to establish themselves in commercial life, are congregating. The people of Brazil frankly refuse to take any more shopkeepers, salesmen, bankers, jewelers, brokers, or other middlemen.

In every discussion of agrarian questions, one must consider the size of the farm or estate in relation to its possibilities of maximum production, taking into special account the conditions of the soil and climate. In the red-earth coffee-growing sections of São Paulo, for example, it is fantastic to imagine that the small farm can be a profitable unit. The crop requires concentration of a large supply of labor for a short period. The small man will not have the capital to swing this operation. Similarly, in the production of sugar it has been demonstrated both in Brazil and Cuba that big-scale operations are essential. A small 15-acre plot, far from providing a living, will just about serve

as a "burial place" for the farmer and his family, unless he is smart enough to raise food supplies and poultry.

In Central America particularly, "division of the land" has been merely a pretext to allow the clique in authority to sequester some of the richest estates for favored political henchmen. It was in this way that Plutarco Elias Calles waxed wealthy, while no improvement was discernible in the lot of the common people. Some technique must be devised to enable the masses to frustrate the politicians, whose chief function, especially in South America, appears to consist in "supplanting *one* form of economic exploitation by *another*." Until the land can be taken out of the political arena, where it is the football of generals and demagogues, the territory south of the Rio Grande will continue to be a prize marked out for delivery to the followers of Karl Marx.

It is said that the annual income in South America is less than \$100 per person. Farmers in Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, Peru and Ecuador are lucky to receive 25c a day. In Chile, the ordinary factory employee is paid a pittance of \$3.43 a week; textile workers draw 24c a day; coal diggers, 71c; copper miners, 95c. The average wage of a schoolteacher represents comparative affluence, \$28 a month. Clerks in the shops of Valparaiso and Santiago eke out an existence on \$21 a month. Is it any wonder that 241 out of 1,000

babies die annually in the cities and on the farms of a socially progressive country like the Republic of Chile? Undernourishment, sickness, poverty take a tremendous toll of the human resources.

Benefits can be realized from a subdivision of land, when this measure is accompanied by an organized effort to re-educate the people spiritually and agriculturally. The farmers or peons have to be taught how to use a new-found liberty. The so-called "money crops" are the curse of agriculture everywhere, as they are in the U. S. The sooner the farm worker, whether owner or tenant, discovers that he can stock his own larder with home-grown products, the more surely will he be emancipated from economic and political bondage. A vegetable garden, orchard, and a "bit of bacon" roaming in the front yard can do more than *Panzer* divisions to lift the farmer and his family out of the slough of despond.

There is a growing recognition that the best potentiality of South America is the Catholic faith. The papal program of social reconstruction holds the key to the social and economic problems of our Good Neighbors. A family wage on an annual basis would be a guarantee that neither intellectuals nor laborers would heed the siren voices of Nazi and Marxist indoctrination. The most powerful antidote to Stalinazi propaganda in the American republics,

including the U. S., is an appreciation of the debt which democracy owes to Christian culture. On the bedrock of that culture, democracy in the Western Hemisphere can not only stand, but expand.

One of the ablest correspondents now touring South America, Harold Callender of the *New York Times*, sent back a report (April 27, 1941) that can be deeply pondered in the U. S. Department of State and by the members of the Committee for the Coordination of Commercial and Cultural Relations with the American Republics. This observation reads as follows, "The U. S. will never get anywhere in South America until it works with the Vatican." This was given as an opinion prevalent in diplomatic circles, where Catholicism is understood.

There are 110 million Catholics in Central and South America who would all be pro-U.S., provided they had assurances that anticlericalism is not going to be invited into their homes together with U. S. political influence and trade policies. Least of all do the South Americans wish to be courted the Hollywood way. The American picture *Argentine Nights*, for example, was so offensive in Buenos Aires, "the Paris of America," that police were called in to put down a disturbance in the theater. The leading newspaper *La Nacion* (with a circulation of close to 2 million) wrote as follows: "As long as Hollywood insists on seeing Argen-



tina as an incredibly ridiculous tropical country, no Pan-American understanding is possible."

South Americans, despite these exhibitions of bad manners on the part of our movie magnets, are predisposed to like us. They are desirous of closer cooperation in the Western Hemisphere, especially in the sphere of defense against totalitarianism. But they want this policy to be the fruit of genuine understanding, a sharing of spiritual and cultural ideals, not the

sudden outburst of enthusiasm that springs from selfish expediency.

A knowledge of the Catholic spirit will be accepted as a guarantee that this is no extemporaneous wooing. The American republics regard with suspicion a temporary alliance, without benefit of clergy! Our Good Neighbors in the Western Hemisphere can be won for all time by the *sacrament* of friendship. The mystical Body of Christ is a potential of infinite strength. It can be the solvent of all problems.



### Round Trip

Father Junipero Serra, missionary from the Spanish Balearic Islands, is chiefly famous for having founded the Santa Barbara mission in California. He came well prepared both mentally and spiritually for the task that awaited him in far-off California. And being a practical man, he fortified himself physically as well, bringing with him seeds from his own country, hoping that the climate would favor their growth. Among them were seeds of the orange tree, which had been brought to the Balearic Islands early in the Middle Ages by the Arabs. Father Junipero Serra planted the first orange tree in California and to his intense gratification, it grew and flourished.

In Father Junipero Serra's own country, the oranges, after a few hundred years, began having a hard time of it. A mysterious parasite threatened the annihilation of the Spanish oranges. The growers were in despair until they suddenly remembered the California oranges which, from all reports, had not been attacked by the parasite. Slips from the California orange trees made the long journey back to Spain; the groves were replanted; the parasite disappeared. To this day, the American or "Washington" variety of orange is a favorite with orange growers in Spain.

*Spain (March '41).*



Bishop J. F. O'Hara, C.S.C., used to have a ready answer for the lads who said it was too cold to get to Mass and Holy Communion: "It was cold in the stable at Bethlehem, too."

*Notre Dame Religious Bulletin (19 Jan. '40).*

# The Significance of Tapestry

By LORENTZ KLEISER

Stories in thread

Condensed from *Church Property Administration*\*

**I**nto every tapestry are woven expressions of human life that tend to make it a vibrant thing capable of affecting us centuries after the men who designed and executed it have passed on. A tapestry always reflects the personality of the artist who designed it, and the state of the art of weaving.

A fine tapestry not only gives esthetic pleasure; it impels us to examine its material and its structure. It creates a desire to refresh the memory of the story it illustrates; to read, perhaps, the lives of the men for whom tapestries were made. It may call for a volume of memoirs that will re-create the life of a court of bygone days with its gallantry and intrigue, its gaiety and its tragedy.

Viewed with an understanding of these things, a tapestry comes to life miraculously. It is more than a pleasing spot of harmonious color in the decoration of a building; more than an object to be treasured for its beauty or value. It opens up a whole world of new interest.

Acquaintance with Coptic weaving and other early tapestries makes it possible to see the art seeking sanctuary in the Church from the ruthless vandalism of the barbaric hordes and its

conversion to the service of religion, in great hangings adorning the houses of worship, sometimes for the curing of defective acoustics. The best artists of the times were commissioned to make full-sized paintings from which the weavers wove the panels that still hang in many of the fine churches.

Such masters as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael devoted much of their time to the designing of ecclesiastical tapestries. Perhaps the most elaborate of all tapestries in existence today are those designed by Raphael for the Vatican. The full-sized designs for these were painted in Rome and then brought to Flanders, where they were woven.

It was the custom of the time for the cartoon, or full-sized painting, to become the property of the weavers after the tapestry was completed. They had the right to weave it over again for other patrons and there are several tapestries to be found woven on the same pattern frequently altered in size by the moving in of the borders in order to fit a panel to a definite space. All of Leonardo's marvelous Vatican cartoons were later bought from the Flemish weaver by the Mortlake Studios in London towards the end of the 16th century, and some of them

\*135 W. Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis. April-May, 1941.

were re-woven there. The entire set of cartoons now belongs to the Hampton Court Museum.

Much fine gold was woven into tapestry panels. The gold was hammered out by hand to the fineness of a hair, then spun to form threads which were used for halos or yellow high lights in the designs as well as solid gold backgrounds in borders. Vandalism caused the destruction of a great number of the finest tapestries, during wars and revolutions over the centuries. Much priceless art was destroyed, but sufficient remains to show us that tapestry weaving is as great as any other craft or art.

There is much history and romance in the study of tapestry design and weaving. The history of the famous tapestries hanging in the cathedral of Anger, France, is an outstanding example. These were woven by Parisians, during the 14th century. The designer is unknown, but he must have been deeply religious and a great artist, for the tapestries are unquestionably the finest examples of the 14th century extant. They were woven to order for one of the Burgundian princes, for his hunting castle which was located in the vicinity of Anger. At the request of the bishop, the prince promised to give the tapestries to the cathedral upon his death, but the family refused to part with them. It therefore took 100 years before the cathedral received them, and then only nine of the ten original pan-

els were hung. They remained there until the time of the French Revolution, when the mob broke into castles and churches to obtain gold to carry on their struggle.

When they entered the cathedral of Anger, they pulled down the tapestries with the intention of burning them to obtain the gold so much used in religious panels. But when they brought them outside they discovered that no gold had been woven into them, and they were therefore discarded on the roadside. A passing gardener picked them up and brought them to his greenhouse. There they were used for many generations to cover orange trees in frosty weather, until they became so full of holes that they were cast aside as useless.

About 1850 a Parisian tapestry connoisseur happened to pass through that section of the country. He saw the pile of dirty material lying on the floor of the hothouse. He asked the gardener what it was and was told that it was a useless lot of rags that had become too full of holes to be used as covers for the fruit trees. He bought the lot for \$15, including several pieces that had been sewed between other cloth and used as bedcovers.

They were taken to Paris and restored and then returned to the cathedral, where they now hang. There are only six of them left but they are outstanding examples of the art and culture of that period.

The art of tapestry weaving blossomed into new beauty under the genial sun of the Gothic and Renaissance periods. But with the dissipation of the force of those movements, this once great art declined almost to extinction under 19th-century industrialism. However, the beginning of its

revival is seen, stimulated by the appreciation of the more intelligent and cultured people of our day. They offer encouragement to those who endeavor to carry forward the old traditions in works expressive of our own life and times, to the end that tapestry weaving may again be a great and living art.



## Lithuania's Plight

By ARTHUR BROWN

Democracy in action

Condensed from *America*\*

The tragedy of Lithuania and of all the Baltic states has been obscured by the even greater tragedy of war. Otherwise, especially in America, people would cry out in horror against the persecution now going on in Lithuania.

Together with the huge Red army marching into the country there came the murderous OGPU, spreading torture and death over the country. In addition to mass arrests and deportations to Siberia, prisons and concentration camps were filled with innocent people. Unspeakable misery followed in the wake of economic Sovietization: lack of food and everyday commodities.

The leading purpose of the invaders appears to be the extermination of the intellectuals and other patriots, in order to break down the resistance to com-

munist influence. Immediately after the invasion, all political prisoners, most of whom were communists, were released, and the long black list of the "people's enemies" was drawn up. Many officials and important people were seized, some to be sent to Russia, others to be executed.

Deportations to Russia have already mounted to thousands. The martyrs of freedom include almost the entire cabinet, many members of parliament, the greater part of the general staff, mayors of greater cities, higher diplomats, clergymen, writers, journalists, professors, lawyers, bankers, and prominent private citizens who were in one way or another connected with politics or the social or religious life of the country. Recently, from a very reliable source in Switzerland and Sweden, we

\*329 108th St., New York City. May 31, 1941.

learned about further deportations of young Lithuanian students, workers, and even farmers into the wastes of Siberia.

Within a few months of the communist invasion, the Lithuanian army was subdivided into groups, poorly dressed in the Red uniform and sent to unknown bases in central Russia. Even youths born between 1920-22 were forced into the Red army.

Of late, the "peace-loving" Muscovites have forcibly removed skilled workers from the Baltic states, especially Latvia, and set them to work on rush orders in the armament plants of Russia. Besides the general law that binds every worker to permanent factory slavery, an additional decree was recently issued granting the local commissars arbitrary powers to send skilled workmen anywhere in the U.S.S.R.

Lithuanian banks and commercial and industrial enterprises were confiscated and their personnel replaced by "qualified" directors, among them former employees who had been jailed for fraud. These new "directors" announced to the workers from the beginning that all these institutions would henceforth belong to the working class.

The cost of living, especially with the introduction of the Russian ruble, has risen to a fantastic level. It was the intention of the invaders to reduce the high standards of living in the Baltic nations to the low standards of Russia, because otherwise the commissars could

no longer delude the masses at home. In all this they have succeeded. Shops and markets are empty. Food is scarce and rationed, yet better than in Soviet Russia. Pork and butter have disappeared entirely in the cities. Food and clothing can be bought or sold only by those having a special license issued by the local commissars and for these it is necessary to stand in queues the entire day and even all night.

Farmers must relinquish whatever land they possess in excess of the allotted 60 acres to the control of appointed managers, until such time as the collective farms can be organized. As a result, production has fallen 60%.

The communists lost no time in beginning their persecution of religion. One of the first laws they introduced was the compulsory registration of those intending to marry; they further proclaimed that only those marriages performed by the government officials would be recognized. For the first time in Lithuanian history, divorce was introduced and made easy. All state chaplains were removed from their offices and their salaries discontinued. The Catholic publications were restaffed, and soon gave way to communistic periodicals.

Later, the Reds seized all Catholic buildings: schools, parish houses, rectories, convents, bishops' residences. Fearing Catholics would revolt if all the churches were taken at one time, they followed a gradual program of

transforming church buildings into theaters, public halls and godless museums.

Religious teaching was forbidden and even preaching in churches was suppressed as religious "propaganda." Many Religious, priests and laymen were forced to hard labor, and anyone showing the slightest discontent was brutally treated; young offenders were imprisoned for indefinite periods.

Elaborate methods were employed to spread materialistic atheism and the philosophy of Marx and Lenin among the entire population. For older people, they created thousands of Godless Union clubs. All students have compulsory hourly periods, four times a week, devoted to Marxism and Leninism instead of to religion. In the front of every school assembly hall is enshrined a picture or statue of Stalin.

At first sight it seems that there is no hope, that the worst forces of evil in Europe are out to destroy every particle of freedom, to enslave every man and every nation not strong enough to defend itself against this international gangsterism.

However, Lithuania, a peaceful, hard-working, and Christian country, has survived many invasions. Lithuanians have lived in freedom on the shores of their "White" Sea throughout thousands of years; no force on earth will be able to keep them in chains. Passive resistance grows from day to day. Military and police forces of the Red aggressor have succeeded in overrunning and subjugating this country; but it will be impossible for the vandals to hold it, for justice will triumph when the smoke and the reek of war are past.



Years ago, when I was in college, one of the new musical geniuses arrived in the country. Kubelik, I think it was. At any rate, when the child violin prodigy arrived in my native Chicago, the musicians of the city demanded that he join their union.

Kubelik was willing enough, and presented himself at the union office.

But the secretary in charge had a sense of humor. "How do we know," he demanded, "that this fellow can play the violin?"

The manager snorted wrathfully. "He can play anything that has ever been written. Try him if you are so silly as to doubt."

So the union secretary slammed onto the music stand a piece of music. Kubelik looked at it casually and lifted his violin. Then his eyes started to pop out of his head. He examined the music more closely. He lifted his bow, consternation in his face. He attempted a few bars and pulled forth the most hideous, meaningless sounds.

Then in utter despair, he cried for help. The union secretary had put in front of him a particularly wicked piece of the then popular American ragtime.

From *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (29 March '41).



# Industrial Evils of the Past

Those were the days

By JOSEPH A. VAUGHAN, S.J.

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

During the youth of Lincoln the industrial revolution had taken place. The spinning wheels and distaffs of millions of homes had become old-fashioned, were abandoned, relegated to the attic. Thousands of farming folk rushed to the factories—men, women, yes, and even children. Carl Sandburg's great work on Lincoln throws plenty of light on those conditions.

Farmers' daughters filled the cotton mills of New England. At Lowell, Mass., they went to work at 5 A. M.; two hours later they had 30 minutes off for breakfast; at noon 45 minutes for lunch, and went gaily home from work at 7 P. M.

Fourteen hours a day in the factory; and the building was not the well-lighted, air-conditioned structure of this 20th century. But ten hours left to sleep, refresh themselves, enjoy a bit of social life, and improve mind and body! One girl on a machine with 3,000 spindles could do as much work as 3,000 girls working by hand.

In the Hope Factory in Rhode Island the lot of the workers was worse than that of the slaves of the South. Bells rang out at break of day; workers tumbled from their beds in the darkness and had to be at the factory with-

in 15 minutes, when the gates were closed. One or two hours later, 25 minutes for breakfast; again 25 minutes for lunch. The gates were opened at 8 P. M. to let them out.

At the Eagle Mills, Griswold, Conn., 15 hours was the daily working time. At Paterson, N. J., women and children began at 4:30 A. M. Anyone who has experienced a New Jersey winter can picture this army of factory slaves wrapped in their insufficient rags, arms tightly clasped to breasts, shoulders hunched, heads lowered against the icy blasts off the Atlantic, fighting their way through the half-frozen slush before daybreak. And the children—their only chance for an education was after 8 P. M. or on the Sabbath.

In some textile mills an overseer cracked a whip over the women and children. Occasionally there were strikes, usually for a 10-hour day, though it is recorded that in New York a jury convicted workers of conspiring for higher wages, and fined each \$1. With immigration at flood tide, there was always a surplus of workers; competition for work was keen, with a consequent lowering of wages.

The following are some of the rules which were then tacked on the wall

\*Huntington, Ind. June 8, 1941.

of the Amasa Whitney factory at Winchendon, Mass.:

1. The mill will be put into operation ten minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year. The gate will be shut ten minutes after sunset from March 20 to Sept. 20; at 6:30 P. M. from Sept. 20 to March 20.

2. It will be required that every person employed be in the room of employment at the time mentioned above.

3. Any person employed for no certain length of time, will be required to give at least four weeks' notice of intention to leave (sickness, etc.) or forfeit four weeks' pay. [How anyone could give four weeks' advance notice of possible sickness challenges our intelligence.]

4. Anyone who by negligence or misconduct causes damage to the machinery, or impedes the progress of the work, will be liable to make good the damage for same.

5. Anything tending to impede the progress of manufacturing in working hours, such as unnecessary conversation, reading, eating fruit, etc., must be avoided.

6. While I shall endeavor to employ a judicious overseer, the help will follow his directions in all cases.

7. The hands will take breakfast from Nov. 1 until March 1 before going to work; they will take supper from May 1 until Aug. 31 at 5:30 P. M.; from Sept. 20 until March 20 between sundown and dark. Twenty-

five minutes will be allowed for breakfast, 30 minutes for dinner, and 25 minutes for supper, and no more.

(Signed) Amasa Whitney, Winchendon, Mass., July 5, 1830.

These rules of the Whitney plant were sent to me three years ago by a factory owner in Kentucky. He added the following remark: "The above, which is authentic, was sent to me by a manufacturer and customer in New England, and not very far from Winchendon. It will show the great change in hours of labor as well as working conditions that has taken place in 100 years. My secretary put the first copy of these rules on a bulletin board in our factory and almost created a riot. Well can we imagine a riot of fun in any factory of today where these rules would be displayed."

Finally, one set of rules of those pre-Civil War days, concludes: "No one will be employed in this factory who does not attend church on the Sabbath." Undoubtedly we must take for granted that the rich employers attended church on the Sabbath. Smug, contented capitalists, away up front in their plush pews, figuratively patting themselves on the back, and convincing themselves that they were highly pleasing to almighty God because they gave work to so many poor people, all the while forgetting—no, never forgetting—but simply ignoring, the fact that they were battenning on those same poor, growing ever richer and fatter,

as they sucked substance from their factory slaves.

Those capitalists who would never stoop to stealing your purse or your watch lest they defile their conscience, bound themselves together into corporations, robbed helpless workers of a just wage, imposed killing hours of labor, ground men, women and children in their newly invented machines, and denied them their rights to collective bargaining. With the slavery of the black man to the white in the South there was slavery of the white man to the white in the North.

But the white slaves of the North were just as intelligent as their white masters. Wealth gives no exclusive claim to brains. The workers organized. By 1891, when Pope Leo wrote

his defense of labor, working conditions had been greatly improved, though even in my own boyhood in San Francisco we had many a school debate on the question: "Resolved, that the ten-hour day should be cut to eight."

Anyhow, vast fortunes were accumulated by a few families. The fortunes still exist. But their descendants willy-nilly have become more social-minded. Unions were organized and recognized. One form of white slavery was abolished. Society has come a long way on the path of righteousness. Our hope today is that the unions, by slipping from that path of righteousness, will not destroy themselves. If they do, their fate will be that of Russia or Germany.

### *We the People*

Economics must be the servant, not the master, of politics, if men are to remain free. Carry the argument a stage further and you will decide that the people must remain masters of the politicians, which means that the state must be economically dependent on the people, and not the people on the state. That is the only secure charter of liberty. Perhaps this truth, too, will one day be revealed by another lightning flash, and then we may see a new birth of freedom. But it will take a soldier-statesman to fight this battle, which will be long, bitter and not bloodless.

From *Georgian Adventure* by Douglas Jerrold (Scribner's: 1938).

Wherever there exists a genuine grievance, there you will find the communist chasing the ambulance of human misery and offering his pills of organization and protest.

*America* (12 April '41).

# Catholics and the American Way

By THOMAS T. McAVOY, C.S.C.

Freedom ringers

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

The destruction of political liberties in war-torn Europe has justly caused a new appreciation of our American freedom. Freedom of worship, freedom of the press, and constitutional guarantees of property, together with the incidental privileges that are called the American way, gain in value every day. The natural sequence is a wholesale admiration for the builders of our great national tradition.

Some Catholic writers and orators have so misread the records of colonial debates and the manuscripts of the constitutional convention as to imagine that the founders of our government sought specifically to give freedom to the Catholic Church. This is a false basis for Catholic patriotism. More practical Catholics have not needed any imaginary benevolence to love their country, because they have found sufficient motive in the actual freedom and rich opportunity they have enjoyed.

From the days of Charles Carroll to the days of James Farley, Catholics have shared with other Americans the basic ideals of the founders of American liberty. It was liberty, and not any specific belief, that the founders of our republic sought to guarantee

by their laws. Recurring periods of bigotry have kept American Catholics from imagining that John Adams and his Congregationalist neighbors of Massachusetts, or John Jay, or Charles Pinckney, or their descendants, wanted to aid the Catholic Church. Such aid was not only contrary to the ingrained faith of those men, but contrary to actual history. The one-half of 1% of the American people who were Catholic in those early days counted very little in the general welfare of the new nation. Indeed, John Adams was not the only American who gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the liturgical splendor of Mass in old St. Mary's in Philadelphia. As Brownson has rightly pointed out, as far as the Founding Fathers were concerned the Catholic Church was dead. Yet their Catholic associates, English, Irish, French and German, who participated in the establishment of the American government during the first years, gave wholehearted and sincere support to what we revere as the American way. The corrected understanding of this early period is very important to the Catholics of today because, as in the Myron Taylor episode, some zealous religious groups imply that the American way of the Founding Fathers included an

\**Notre Dame, Ind.* May 3, 1941.

essential note of Protestantism. They overlook an obvious fact that although Protestantism was the faith of many of the first Americans it was not included in any constitution, law or statute of the national government.

It is not necessary to see actual traces of Suarez in the Declaration of Independence or in the Constitution to realize their conformity to Catholic ideals of political liberty and, at least negatively, to Catholic yearning for religious liberty. The freedom written into American law included the natural, rational liberties of which Catholics were being deprived in Europe as extensively as were their non-Catholic brethren. The Carrolls had even experienced legal persecution in this country. As the years rolled by, Catholics constantly shared the political and social ideals of the general American body. Thomas Fitzsimons and Mathew Carey were zealous for the first protective tariffs. The Irish Catholic gave his support to the political party which showed the greatest willingness to share with him American liberty. Roger Taney was chief justice of the Supreme Court in Jackson's stormy term, in the Dred Scott case, and legal adviser to many of the early bishops. Judge James Campbell and Judge William Gaston were the leaders of other Catholics prominent in American public life. Catholic generals as well as privates served in the Civil War and in the trying days of

reconstruction. If at times there have been persecutions, and denials of public office to Catholics, these have been accomplished outside the law and contrary to the spirit of the basic American tradition. The American way as set forth in the law recognized no such prejudice.

The opinions of certain non-Catholics that the American tradition of liberty is exclusive of Catholicism is based upon the religious tradition of the majority of early Americans but not on the public and legal principles written into the Constitution. Catholics have never been strong enough to dictate American ideals. The mere fear that Catholics might seize political control has been enough to deny to the Catholic immigrant social honor and even political preferment. But in using free institutions to limit the growth of Catholicism, zealots have gone contrary to the true American way.

Catholics, however, must not expect non-Catholic writers to spend much time defending the American Catholic. In times of stress, especially when the attachment to our national traditions is so strong, Catholics must do their share to see that historic and not prejudiced notions of American liberty are taught the younger generation.

One reason for the neglect of Catholics in American history, outside of their relatively smaller number and lower social and political position, has

been the failure of our own students to show that American Catholics, whether clerical or lay, native-born or immigrant, have been constant in their fidelity and service to American liberty. Archbishop John Carroll and Roger Taney, Father Gabriel Richard, the only priest ever to hold a seat in the House of Representatives, and William Read show in their lives the consonance of American liberty and Catholic spirituality. They lived in American communities, kept American laws, spoke the common tongue and gave their bit to the common political and social problems of the day, and in all this they found nothing inconsistent with their Catholicism.

It is not sufficient merely to show that good Catholics have been great Americans and honestly so. Catholics have a stronger right to love the American way. There is further work for the serious student to trace to their true origins the basic ideals of American liberty, the true division of Church and state, and the spiritual and supernatural basis for human liberty and human culture. The influence of medieval ideals of philosophy and law, of fundamental theology, and of Church law in preserving the basis of

human liberty will be understood much more widely if Catholic scholars show the same zeal and spirit of sacrifice as those who are now formulating an American faith without either soul or religion.

Catholic people appreciate the American way of liberty and personal security. They feel a resentment towards the misguided journalists and historians who would imply that the Catholic Church does not fit in with the American way. But this resentment should be shown not in bitterness but in charitable zeal. Non-Catholic Americans who participate in the American spirit of liberty and fair play welcome Catholic scholars into the field of history, although they do not promise wealth or great honor. American scholarship has never paid financial dividends. But the Catholics who really understand the consonance between the American way and Catholic Action, must lose no time in idle oratory. They must take upon themselves the burden of long hours in the seclusion of scholarship if the American Catholics of tomorrow are to avoid an anti-Catholic national tradition and care to enjoy the historical liberty of the true American way.

### Smile

It is the duty of all women to look happy, the married ones to show that they don't wish they weren't married, and the unmarried ones to show that they don't wish they were.

*The Irish News* quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Feb. '41).



## Books of Current Interest

(Any of which can be ordered through us)

Maritain, Jacques. *France My Country*. New York: Longmans. 116 pp. \$1.25.

Treats the psychological, political and social factors of the French under German domination.

Ward, Maisie. *This Burning Heat*. New York: Sheed. 160 pp. \$1.25.

Letters of Catholics in the bombed areas of England.

Bruehl, C. P. *This Way Happiness*. New York: Devin-Adair. 241 pp. \$2.50.

Survey of practical and general ethics, with application to everyday life.

Whalen, Doran. *Granite for God's House*. New York: Sheed. 366 pp. \$3.75.

Full-length portrayal of Orestes A. Brownson, one of the greatest thinkers America has produced.

Kieffer, Francis Joseph, S.M. *The Child and You*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 160 pp. \$2.00.

Practical guide for directing the development and education of children.

*Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holydays*. New York: Sadlier. 378 pp. Reg. ed., \$2.25; de luxe, \$3.

The text of the new revision with brief exegetical notes and the pronunciation of unusual words.

Hogan, John G. *Sentinels of the King*. Boston: Bruce Humphries. 158 pp. \$1.75.

Attractive collection of meditations on the Blessed Sacrament and Its place as the core of our supernatural life.

Nielen, Joseph Maria. *The Earliest Christian Liturgy*. St. Louis: Herder. 416 pp. \$3.

This inspiring book contains much to bolster the liturgical revival.

Sargent, Daniel. *Christopher Columbus*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 224 pp. \$2.50.

Reveals Columbus' genius in navigation, emphasizing his marvelous faculties of deduction and pertinacity.

Buchan, John. *Mountain Meadow*. Boston: Houghton. 277 pp. \$2.50.

A self-portrait of a great but humble man, focused against the background of Arctic Canada.

Noyes, Alfred. *If Judgment Comes*. New York: Stokes. 60 pp. \$1.50.

Addressing Hitler, the poet voices humanity's contempt for the Nazi tyrant.